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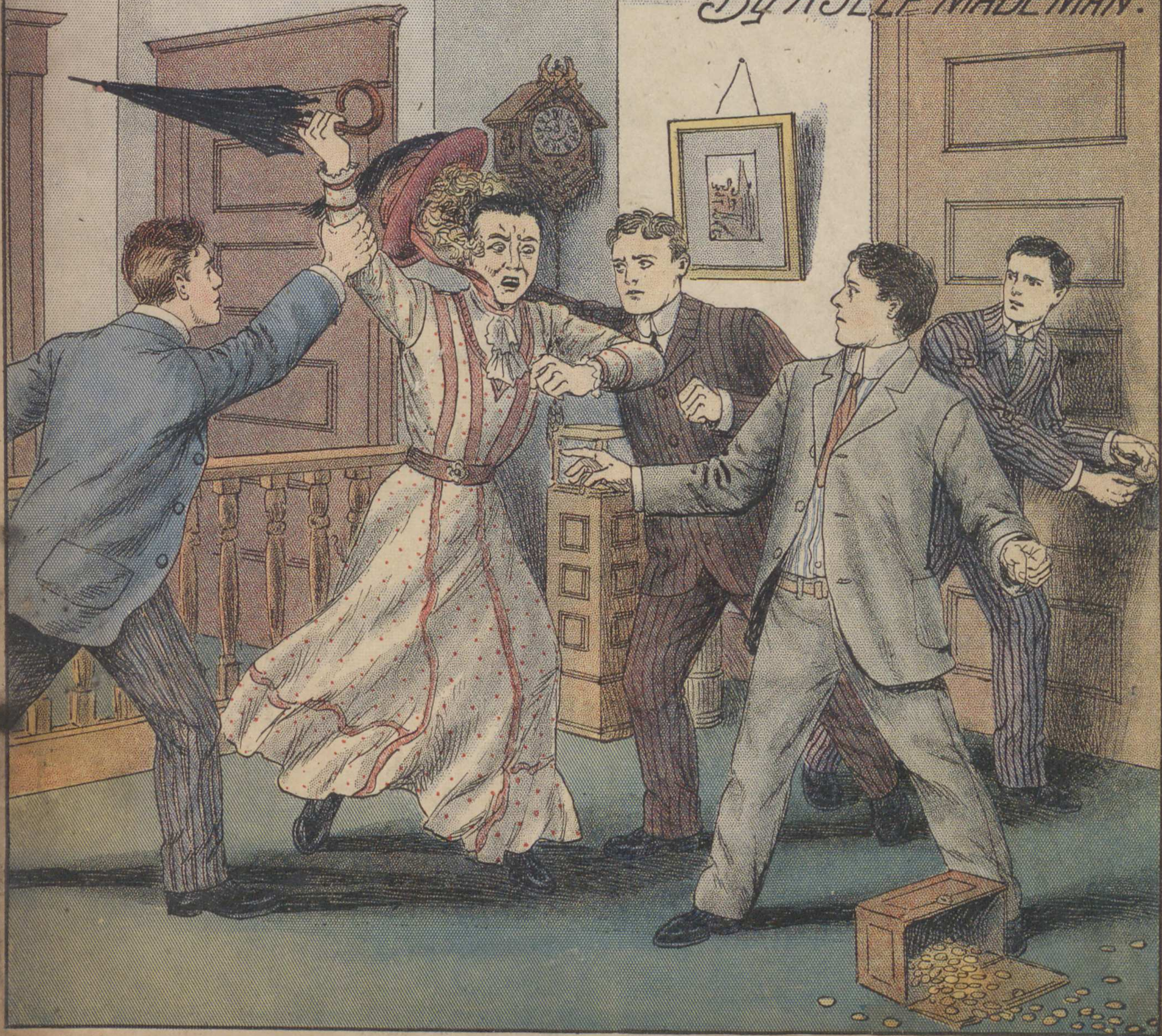
AND

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

FOUR OF A KIND;
OR, THE COMBINATION THAT MADE WALL STREET HUM.

By A SELF MADE MAN.



As the angry one raised an umbrella to strike Sid, Sam and Fred interfered. The former's hand accidentally collided with the alleged lady's hat. A surprising thing happened. Off came hat and hair and the visitor stood revealed as a man.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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FOUR OF A KIND

OR,

THE COMBINATION THAT MADE WALL STREET HUM

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

FOUR OF A KIND.

"Hello, chappies!" said Sid Sands, as he took possession of a chair at a table in a lunch room on Pine Street where three other messenger boys were already seated eating, and laying down a cup of coffee and a plate holding a sandwich and a piece of pie for everyone waited on himself in this establishment.

"Hello, Ed," ejaculated the other three in chorus.

The hour was half past three in the afternoon and the boys were off for the day.

"You're behind time," said Sam Stark, munching a cruller. "How's things?"

"Rather strenuous," replied Sid. "I've just been bounced."

"Bounced!" cried the others, looking astonished.

"Fired right off the reel," replied Sid, with a cheerfulness that seemed surprising under the circumstances.

"What for?" asked Fred Farnham, curiously.

"What do you suppose?"

"Haven't the least idea," said Ed Engle.

"Well, you see, Higgins told me a while ago that if he caught me speculating again he'd discharge me," explained Sid. "Yesterday I noticed that D. & P. was going up like a house afire, and I couldn't resist the temptation to take a flyer on it."

"And your boss heard about it?" said Sam.

"Somebody must have piped me off going into the little bank when I made the deal. I suspect it was Ralph Rug-

gles, the sneak of our office. He hates me worse than thunder, and what I think about him would fill a big book."

"We know him. He's the meanest lobster in the Street," said Fred.

"If he got what's coming to him he wouldn't be able to work for a month," put in Ed.

"If I was sure it was he who gave me away I'd make him mighty sick," said Sid. "I've a mind to do it anyway now that I'm out of the office."

"Well, go on," said Sam.

"Higgins called me into his office this afternoon and went for my scalp. He wound up by giving me the G. B., and so——"

"You're out of a job," said Ed.

"I am; but I ain't worrying much as D. & P. is up ten points above what I paid for it and I'm \$500 ahead of the game, so I don't care whether school keeps or not," said Sid, proceeding to get away with his piece of pie.

"I s'pose you'll look for another job. Higgins isn't likely to give you a reference, though," said Sam.

"Higgins can go bag with his reference. I expect to sell my D. & P. in the morning, maybe at \$12 a share profit, and then I'll be worth \$1,200 easy enough. That is a bunch of money, so what do I care for Higgins?"

"I wish I'd gone into D. & P.," said Fred; "but I didn't have a chance."

"Me too," said Ed.

"And I wish I'd bought some of it also," chipped in Sam. "You're the only lucky one of the bunch, Sid, even if you did lose your job. You'll make a year's wages out of

it any way, and you're bound to get another job before long. I'd exchange with you in a minute if I could."

"Well, if you fellows have got through let's get out of here," said Sid.

The boys paid their checks at the cashier's window and walked outside.

They hadn't walked many yards up toward Nassau Street when a window was thrown up almost above their heads and a man leaned out, gesticulating wildly.

"Help! Help! Murder! Thieves!" he shouted.

His cries attracted attention from the people on the street and in the offices opposite.

"Hello!" exclaimed Sid. "What's in the wind now?"

"There's something doing," said Sam, as the four came to a sudden halt.

The man who was uttering the cries was jerked back and silenced.

"Let's go up and see what the trouble is about?" suggested Sid, starting for the entrance of the office building.

His three comrades followed him up the stairs to the third landing.

The corridor was deserted, the brief disturbance at the window not having aroused the notice of the tenants on that floor.

"Which office is the one from which the man cried out?" said Ed.

"Give it up," said Sid. "We'll have to investigate."

"All seems quiet enough now," said Fred. "Maybe the man had a fit."

"I don't believe he had a fit," said Sid. "I think there is something wrong."

"What shall we do?" asked Sam.

"We'll look into the offices facing Pine Street. We can say we heard the shouts for help and came up in answer to them," said Sid.

He tried the handle of the door nearest to him, but it was locked.

Then he tried the next one and found that locked, too.

He dropped on his knees and looked through the keyhole.

What he saw sent a thrill of excitement through his veins.

The man who had called from the window was bound to a chair near the safe, and gagged with a towel.

Two well-dressed men were going through the safe, putting money and papers into a satchel which stood on a desk within their reach.

"Look, fellows, and see what's going on in there," he whispered, excitedly.

Sam stooped and took a look.

"The office is being robbed," he said.

"Let me see," palpitated Fred.

Sam gave him the chance, and he, in turn, yielded place to the impatient Ed.

The four boys looked at each other.

"We must give the alarm," said Sam, "and have the rascals caught."

"What's the matter with catching them ourselves—there's only two of them?" said Sid. "It'll be a feather in our caps and our names will be printed in the papers."

"But the door is locked and we can't get in," said Sam.

"That doesn't make any difference. They've got to come out and then we'll nab them."

"I'm with you," said Sam, with a determined look.

"You and I will tackle the first chap," said Sid. "Fred, you and Ed down the other one, understand?"

The boys understood and got ready for business.

They did not have long to wait, as the thieves were in a hurry to be off.

Inside of a couple of minutes the door was opened and the two rascals darted out, the foremost carrying the satchel.

The boys were drawn up in pairs on either side of the door, and the men did not notice their presence until with a rush Sid sprang forward and dealt the man with the satchel a heavy blow on the head which sent him staggering forward.

Before the fellow could recover Sid and Sam had hold of him.

At the same moment Fred and Ed sprang on the other and stuck to him like a pair of leeches.

Both of the crooks put up a desperate struggle to get free, but the boys had taken them at a disadvantage and they couldn't do much.

Sid settled the chances of the first chap by tripping him up and then he and Sam got astride of him.

"Now, you rascal, you'd better give up," said Sid, reaching for the satchel which he knew contained the plunder.

"You'd better let me go," hissed the crook, glaring into Sid's face.

"We'll let you go when the cops come to run you in," replied the boy.

"If I'm pinched I'll get square with you both."

"You'll be pinched all right, and your friend, too. We'll take the chances of you getting square with us."

The rascal swore and threatened but to no purpose.

At that moment a policeman and several persons who had heard the cry for help, but had not the courage to investigate on their own hook, came upstairs and appeared on the scene.

"We've got them, officer," said Sid. "They've robbed the safe in room No. 65, and we caught them as they tried to make their escape."

"It's a lie!" replied the crook.

"Examine this satchel and that will show whether my statement is a lie or not," answered Sid. "I saw them stuffing it with money and papers taken from the safe in the office, and so did my three friends here."

The policeman took the satchel from Sid's hand and looked into it.

The jumble of bank notes and papers convinced him of the truth of the boy's assertion.

He pulled out a pair of handcuffs and snapped them on the rascal's wrists.

"Now you can let him up," said the officer.

Sid and Sam released him and got up.

"There's a man bound and gagged in the office. We'll release him," said Sid.

The officer placed his hands on the arms of both crooks and marched them into the office after Sid and his companions, while the small crowd of onlookers followed behind.

Sid yanked the towel off the bound man's face.

"We've captured the two rascals," he said. "Now, while we are releasing you, explain how this thing happened."

"Go into the private office and help Mr. Farley," said the bound man who was the bookkeeper and cashier of the office. "He's in as bad a fix as I am."

"That so?" said Sid. "Ed, you and Fred untie this gentleman. Come on, Sam. We'll attend to the boss of the office."

They entered the inner office and found a thin, spare and well-dressed man with spectacles bound and gagged in the same way as his bookkeeper.

Sid took the towel from his mouth.

"Thanks, my lad. Have the rascals gone?"

"No, sir," replied Sid, as he and Sam proceeded to release the gentleman, "they didn't get the chance. Four of us, who heard the man in the next room cry out of the window, came up, saw what was going on, and lying in wait for them to come out, we captured them with the goods—money and papers taken from your safe—and a policeman has them in charge now."

"You really did catch them? Good. What's your name and that of your companion?"

Sid told him his name and the names of his three friends and explained that they were messengers working in Wall Street, and were on their way home at the time the man in the next room made the demonstration from the window which attracted their attention.

"A number of persons heard the outcry, but only we four came up. It's lucky for you that we did, otherwise the thieves would probably have got away with your property," concluded Sid.

"Then I am under great obligations to you and your friends, and I will see that you lose nothing by it," said the gentleman.

At that moment the door was opened and the bookkeeper with the policeman and his prisoners, followed by Ed and Fred, walked into the rooms.

Mr. Farley identified the two rascals as the men who had bound and gagged him.

The bookkeeper had already identified them, so the evidence of their guilt was complete.

The officer then telephoned for the patrol wagon.

Before it arrived the bookkeeper succeeded in clearing the office of those drawn there through curiosity.

A couple of more policemen arrived with the wagon.

They came upstairs and escorted the two crooks to the sidewalk, where they were put in the wagon and carried off to the police station.

As soon as they were gone Sid told Mr. Farley that they would take their leave, too.

"Well, my lads, I thank each of you for the service you have rendered me this afternoon, and as a slight evidence of my appreciation I will give each of you a hundred dollars," he said.

He drew four checks for that amount, made out to the order of each of them, and handing them to the boys, wished them good afternoon.

CHAPTER II.

SID HAS A RUN-IN WITH RUGGLES.

"I call this doing a pretty good afternoon's work," said Sam, looking at his check with great interest as they walked downstairs.

"I bet you," said Ed, fingering his own check, "a hundred dollars isn't to be sneezed at."

"I should say not," chipped in Fred. "That makes me worth \$300."

"I'm fifty dollars better off than you," said Sam.

"And I'm fifty dollars worse off than you," said Ed.

"When I sell out my D. & P. shares I ought to be worth more than the three of you put together," said Sid.

"I guess you will be. You have such good luck with your deals that you ought to take us in with you on your next one," remarked Fred.

"Put up your money when the time comes and I'll take you in," replied Sid. "If I'm lucky I'd just as soon you chaps should share it as not."

"If one of us got hold of a good tip we could chip in and buy 200 shares of whatever stock it was—make one deal of it instead of four, and divide the profit pro rata," said Sam.

"That would be fine," said Fred, enthusiastically. "Sid could engineer the deal for us if he wasn't working, and he would probably manage to do it anyhow even if he did have a job."

"Don't begin figuring on the future, chappies, for it's only a waste of time. Wait till the tip you are speculating on turns up, and then we'll talk business," said Sid.

The boys walked up to the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge and separated.

Ed took a car over the bridge, Fred walked up to City Hall Place to see a friend of his who worked there, Sam took a Third Avenue elevated train up town, and Sid crossed City Hall park to connect with the Ninth Avenue elevated on Warren Street.

We will follow Sid as he is the chief of our four heroes.

He caught an express train and in the course of twenty minutes got off at the 125th Street station.

A walk of three blocks brought him to the modest flat where he lived with his mother and two sisters, who were public school teachers.

His father had been dead several years, but the little family got along very nicely on their earnings.

"You're late to-night, Sid," remarked one of his sisters, as he walked into the dining-room where the table was set for dinner.

"Yes, I 'spect so," replied Sid, hanging up his hat. "Duty before pleasure is my motto."

"Then you were detained at the office."

"No. The fact is, my three particular friends, whose names you are acquainted with, and myself participated in the capture of a couple of thieves, whom we caught robbing a Pine Street office, and that's the reason I'm late getting home."

"You caught two thieves, did you?" replied his sister, with a look of interest. "Tell us about it. I thought you told us that kind of people did not dare go below 'the dead line,' as you called it."

"They don't, as a rule; but there's exceptions to every rule, you know. The two we caught took the chances of detection, and they would have got away with the goods only for us."

Thereupon Sid told his two sisters all about the inci-

dent, and showed them the \$100 check Mr. Farley had given him.

"I congratulate you on making such a nice little sum so easily," said his sister Fanny.

"Thanks. You won't congratulate me when I tell you I have lost my job."

"What!" gasped both his sisters in a breath. "You don't really mean that?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't tell you."

"My gracious!" ejaculated Fanny. "How came you to lose it? Why, you've been two years with Mr. Higgins."

Sid explained the cause of his discharge.

"Why did you speculate again when you were told not to?"

"Because I saw a chance to make a good haul in the market."

"Did you make it?"

"I haven't cashed in yet, but I expect to do so to-morrow. At this moment I am \$500 ahead, and I may see my way to make another hundred in the morning."

"You are fortunate in making money out of your ventures at any rate, and money always comes in handy, particularly if you happen to be out of work. Do you think you'll be able to get another position soon?"

"I may have some difficulty for want of a reference, for it isn't likely Mr. Higgins would give me one if I asked him. However, you needn't worry about me. It will be a cold day when I get left."

"Mother won't be pleased to learn that you have lost your position."

"Don't tell her, then."

"But you won't be able to turn in your money as usual after this week, so she's sure to find out."

"Why won't I be able to turn it in? You forget about the deal I'm ahead on. I'll be able to turn my money in to her right along, just as if nothing had happened."

Upon this assurance his sisters agreed that the news should be kept from their mother, who at that moment was busy in the kitchen.

Next morning's papers had the story of the robbery, and the capture of the men by four Wall Street messenger boys, whose names were given.

It was the first time that Sid's name had ever been in the public prints, and he felt rather proud over the fact.

He started for Wall Street at the usual time, although he had no business to attend to outside of his own private matters.

He remained on the train till it reached South Ferry, and then he walked leisurely up to the financial district.

The sight of the other messengers flitting around made him feel somewhat like a fish out of water, for he was so used to carrying messages himself that he felt as if he ought to be busy, too.

He nodded to a couple of messengers he knew and kept on up to the little bank.

The reception room was open and half a dozen customers were seated in the rows of chairs facing the big blackboard at the end of the room on which the previous day's quotations were posted up.

Sid took a chair, opened his newspaper and finished reading the news.

The room slowly filled up with the customers and loungers who made the bank their headquarters.

The boy who had charge of the blackboard made his appearance as ten o'clock drew near and cleaned the board of the quotations to have it ready to mark up the fresh ones when business began at the Exchange.

The room by this time was comfortably full, and the air was filled with the buzz of conversation and tobacco smoke.

At length the clock struck ten and soon after the first quotations began to come in.

D. & P., which had closed at 90 the day before, continued to show a rising tendency, much to Sid's satisfaction.

The first sale was 1,000 at 90½, and fifteen minutes later was going at 91.

Sid had intended to sell out as soon as the Exchange opened, but as the stock appeared to be strong he held on for higher figures, every point that it advanced meaning \$50 more profit to him.

He watched the board with great interest, but gave little attention to anything but D. & P.

At half past eleven it reached 95½ and he concluded not to risk holding it any longer, so he went to the margin clerk's window and signed an order for the sale of his fifty shares.

Then he left the bank.

He wondered who was carrying messages for his late boss that day, and guessed that his enemy, Ralph Ruggles, who had been the messenger before he took hold of the job, was doing it till a new boy was engaged.

He walked into the messengers' entrance of the Exchange to see if one of his particular friends was there.

Standing at the rail among the crowd of boys he saw Ruggles with an envelope in his fingers.

He seemed to be annoyed by the pushing and monkey business of the lads who took him for a new messenger, and were having some fun at his expense.

As Sid came in the boys, on a preconcerted signal, suddenly shoved Ruggles away from the rail, and a small lad on the outside stuck a pin in his leg.

"Ouch!" roared Ruggles, grabbing his leg.

He detected the boy who had used the pin and was trying to look innocent.

He grabbed him by the ear and pulled it savagely.

The boy set up a howl and kicked Ruggles in the shins.

Ruggles dropped his envelope as he stooped to rub his shin bone and the crowd took advantage of his position to shove him on his back.

Then one of them kicked the envelope into a corner.

The boy whose ear had been pulled rushed over, picked it up and shoved it into his pocket.

Then he ran outside, dropped it in the gutter and went on about his business.

In the meantime Ruggles was having the time of his life with the other messengers, who shoved his hat over his eyes, jostled him around and made life pretty strenuous for him.

Sid stood back and enjoyed the fun, for he laid his discharge from the office to Ruggles, who he had learned was out to his lunch at the time he (Sid) went to the little bank to make the D. & P. deal, and had no doubt seen him go in, and afterward reported the fact to Mr. Higgins.

The boys made so much noise that one of the attaches interfered and drove several of them out of the Exchange.

Ruggles, freed from them, tried to find his envelope, but couldn't see any signs of it anywhere.

That gave him a cold sweat for he knew it contained an important message.

As he looked around he caught sight of the grinning countenance of Sid.

"What are you doing here?" he snarled.

"That's none of your business, Ruggles," replied Sid.

"Did you pick up my envelope?" asked Ruggles, suspiciously.

"No, I didn't pick up your envelope."

"I believe you did. You want to get me in trouble," snorted Ruggles, with an angry look.

"Don't tell me I lie or I'll knock your block off," retorted Sid, who was looking for a good excuse to get back at his enemy.

"I'd like to know where the message is that I brought here."

"How do I know where it is? If you've lost it go and look for it. How do you like doing my work, eh?"

"Yah! Shut up! I'm going to tell Mr. Higgins that you took the message I brought here for him."

"You're sneak enough to tell him anything."

"How dare you call me a sneak?" demanded Ruggles, in a rage.

"Because that's what you are. You told Higgins that you saw me going into the little bank the day before yesterday, and that got me the bounce."

"Serves you right. I'm glad you're out of the office."

"Then you admit that you did tell Higgins that I was speculating?" said Sid, in a threatening tone.

"Yes, I did tell him. What are you going to do about it?"

"This," and Sid gave him a slap in the face that attracted general attention.

CHAPTER III.

THE FOUR ARRANGE THEIR FIRST DEAL.

"Here, here, no fighting," said an attache of the Exchange.

Sid, not wishing to get into trouble, for he knew the rules forbid rough-house tactics, walked toward the door.

At that moment Mr. Higgins came to the rail.

"I believe you brought something for me, Ruggles," he said.

Then he noticed the disturbed state of his clerk.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired.

"I've lost the envelope I brought you, sir," replied Ruggles.

"Lost it? How came you to do that?" asked the broker, sharply.

"It fell out of my hands when I started to rub my shins where one of these messengers kicked me."

"How did he come to kick you—by accident?"

"No, he did it on purpose. I believe Sid Sands put him up to do it."

"Sid Sands? Was he here?"

"Yes; and it's my opinion he picked the envelope up and walked off with it to get me into trouble."

"Nonsense! He wouldn't dare do that. If you dropped it on the floor it must be there. Why don't you look around for it?" said the broker, impatiently.

"I have looked and it isn't anywhere about."

"Where did you drop it?"

"About here. If Sands didn't pick it up it would be in sight."

"Where is Sands?"

"He left just as you came up. That's a sign that he's taken it."

"Then run after him and see if he's got it. Let me know if he took it and I'll make it hot for him."

Ruggles rushed out fully satisfied that Sid had picked the note up and was holding it back to get him in trouble.

Looking up and down the street he saw Sid a few yards away talking to Sam Stark, whom he had just met.

He rushed up to the ex-messenger.

"I want that envelope, Sid Sands," he said, in a grouchy tone.

"Make a noise like a hoop and roll away, sonny," replied Sid, with a chuckle.

"If you don't give it up Mr. Higgins will make it hot for you."

"Forget it. I haven't got your envelope."

"I say you have got it," snarled Ruggles.

"Did you see me pick it up?"

"Yes, I saw you pick it up," hazarded Ruggles, who thought that would make the late messenger return it to him.

"Well, you're a liar. I didn't pick it up. The boys kicked it around on the floor, and if you'd hunted for it you'd have found it. Now take a sneak. I don't want to talk to you."

Ruggles gave him a black look and went back to the Exchange to have another hunt for the missing envelope, for he wasn't really sure that Sid had taken it after all.

Sid told Sam about the rough-house treatment the messengers had given Ruggles, which led to his losing the message he had brought for his boss.

"Served him right," said Sam. "I'll put the fellows I know on to him and they won't do a thing to him if they meet him there."

As Sam had a message to deliver down the block he couldn't talk any longer, so Sid was left standing on the sidewalk by himself wondering how he would put in his time.

Finally he decided to go down to the Curb Exchange and watch the brokers who were doing business there.

He was standing on the edge of the curb watching the proceedings when Ed came along and caught him by the arm.

"I see you're taking things easy, Sid," he said.

"Nothing else to do," was the reply.

"How about that deal of yours? Did you sell?"

"Yes, about half an hour ago. I held for 95 and a fraction, and I've made a profit of \$750."

"Gee! As much as that?"

"Every cent of it."

"You're lucky. You can afford to loaf around awhile on your money."

"I guess I won't do much loafing. As soon as I get my

money I'll look out for another chance to make it grow more."

"Going to speculate for a living?"

"That depends on circumstances. If I don't pick up another job soon I'll think seriously about it. When a fellow has luck in the market he might as well make the most of a good thing. But I say, we've all got to be at the Tombs Police Court at noon, to testify against those crooks we captured yesterday afternoon. Did you speak to your boss about it?"

"Yes, but he didn't like the idea of my being away from business."

"You told him that you had to go, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"It's time we were starting. Sam and Fred are going to meet me at the corner of Pine and Nassau Streets at twenty minutes to twelve, and it's close on to that now, so you'd better hurry back to your office and get off."

Sid walked with Ed as far as Wall Street and then left him.

Two minutes after he reached the corner of Pine and Nassau, Sam came along, and Fred presently joined them.

They had to wait several minutes for Ed, and then the four went up to Center Street to the Tombs Building.

Mr. Farley and his bookkeeper were there, and the boys sat near them.

The rascals were called to the bar soon after the boys arrived and pleaded not guilty.

With six witnesses against them they stood no show whatever, and the magistrate remanded them to the Tombs to await the action of the grand jury.

Mr. Farley thanked the boys for their attendance at the court, and then the young messengers started back for Wall Street.

They had lunch on the way, and Sid left his three friends on Wall Street and went down to the Exchange to pass the rest of the afternoon in the gallery.

He left just before the Exchange closed.

As he was passing the messengers' entrance he met Sam coming out.

"Say, you're the chap I want to see," said Sam, gripping him by the arm.

"Well, what have you got to say?" asked Sid.

"Come along with me and I'll tell you. About an hour ago I got on to a dandy pointer. It's a sure winner."

"That so? Let's hear what it is."

"It will be just the thing for the four of us to get in on. Ed has money enough to put up the margin on twenty-five shares; Fred can go thirty, and I'm able to stand for thirty-five. You can buy as many as you want up to the limit of your capital. As you're doing nothing we'll leave you to work the deal."

"That arrangement is all right provided your tip is a winner as you say. Tell me about it."

"About an hour ago I carried a note to Broker Barnes in the Anchor Building," said Sam. "I had to wait as he was busy and couldn't be disturbed. He had two men with him and when they went away I was allowed to go in. While Barnes was reading my note I happened to look on his desk and there I saw an order, signed by Gordon—he's one of the big moguls of the Street, you know—authorizing Barnes to buy every share of S. & T. he could find

at any figure within two points of the market. That means that the Gordon crowd is going to corner S. & T. and boom it, so it behooves we, us and company to get in on the ground floor and make hay with the insiders. What do you think of it?"

"I think it's all right. I'm on," replied Sid, enthusiastically.

"We'll make a good haul, the four of us, especially you, for you've got more coin than the rest of us put together," said Sam. "If I had \$10,000 where I could lay my hands on it I'd put every cent of it on S. & T., and I'd expect to more than double my money."

"We must meet Ed and Fred before they go home and let them know about it. They'll come up Wall Street so I'll lay for them on the steps of the Sub-treasury."

"That's right. I'll look for you there myself," said Sam, who then hurried off to his office.

Sid took his stand on the Nassau Street end of the steps and about twenty minutes past three he saw Ed coming along.

He hailed him and Ed joined him.

While he was telling Ed about the tip on S. & T. Sam had picked up, Fred approached and he, too, joined the conference.

Finally Sam appeared and the four went over the matter together.

Ed and Fred were ready to put up their last nickel on the deal, so it was arranged that they and Sam were to bring their funds to Sid next day and he was to buy all the stock in one bunch in his own name, and then manage the deal for the crowd.

The matter being decided the four boys started for their homes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOUR BOY SPECULATORS WIN.

At different times next day Sam, Ed and Fred turned their money over to Sid when they met him in front of the Stock Exchange.

The three put up money enough to buy 90 shares between them.

Sid decided to buy 110 shares himself, making 200 altogether.

So he went to the little bank and asked if he could get a settlement of his D. & P. deal, as he wished to put the money up on another venture.

The margin clerk said he could, and told one of the bookkeepers to make out Sid's account.

This was forthcoming in a quarter of an hour, and a check for \$1,250 handed to the boy.

He endorsed it and turned it in with \$750 cash as margin on 200 shares of S. & T. at the market, which was ruling at 77.

This left him with \$350 of his own capital uninvested.

The four boys met at the lunch house on Pine Street at about half past three.

"Did you put the deal through?" asked Sam, eagerly.

"There's your answer," replied Sid, showing his memorandum of the deal.

"Good enough," said Sam. "This is where we make a bunch of dough, fellows."

"You mean we will if I don't make the mistake of holding on too long," said Sid.

"We'll take the chances of that," said Fred.

"I guess your luck will pull you through all right," remarked Ed.

"I'll do my best, but remember, you fellows mustn't hold me responsible if anything should go wrong."

"Of course we won't," said Sam. "You're bound to do your best, for you're in on 110 shares yourself, and you're not going to take any desperate chances of losing the \$1,100 you've got up."

"I should say not. If this deal should go wrong for us I'll be the greater loser, so you can take it from me that I'll do my best to win," said Sid.

The boys ate their light lunch and left the restaurant fully satisfied that Dame Fortune was about to do them a good turn.

While this new deal was on Sid had no thought about looking up another job.

In fact, if this deal panned out as he expected, he wouldn't want another position as messenger for any broker.

"I ought to be worth \$3,000 when I cash in for the crowd," he mused. "With that amount in my jeans I guess there isn't a broker in the Street who could hire me to carry his messages for a measly eight or ten dollars a week."

There was nothing doing in S. & T. the following day, but the day after the price dropped two points.

Ed and Fred looked a little glum when they noticed the drop on the ticker in the offices where they were employed.

Later on when they met Sid he told them not to worry about a little thing like that, and as he seemed as cheerful as usual they plucked up their courage.

On the next day S. & T. dropped two points more.

Sam looked kind of serious at that.

It wasn't that he began to doubt the winning abilities of his pointer, but he judged that the insiders were depressing the price to shake out the stock on the market so they could gobble it up as cheap as possible, and he was afraid that they might send it down too far for the interest of the four speculators.

"What do you think about it?" he asked Sid when they met about noon.

"I think we'd have done better if we hadn't bought quite so soon," replied the ex-messenger.

"That's right," nodded Sam. "We were too anxious to get in on a good thing. It would have made a difference of \$800 if we had waited till now to buy. If it should go down four points more things will look kind of rocky for us."

"I hope it won't go down any further for I'm \$440 shy on the deal myself at this stage of the game," said Sid.

S. & T. went down another point that afternoon, but fortunately for the four boy speculators that was as low as it went to.

On the following day it began to recover and three days afterward was a point above what they paid for it.

After that S. & T. advanced steadily and the brokers began falling over themselves in their efforts to get hold of some of it, either for themselves or their customers.

The newspapers spoke about it and hinted that a boom in the stock was on.

That brought hundreds of lambs to the Street, anxious to wager their little boodles that it would go out of sight.

"We are the people, fellows," said Ed, in a tone of glee as the four met one afternoon after work in the lunch house. "S. & T. touched 88 just before the Exchange closed."

"Tell us something we all don't know," replied Sam. "I looked at the tape before I left the office and saw the quotation."

"So did I," said Fred.

"Things are coming our way in great shape," remarked Sid. "Eleven points to the good means that we have doubled our money with something to spare."

"The question is how much higher will it go?" said Sam. "I judge that the combine back of it will carry it up to 95 at any rate."

"You can't judge anything in Wall Street. Stock speculation is simply a game of chance from start to finish. I am trying to catch on to the moment that the insiders begin to sell and follow suit."

"How can you catch on? They are not going to shout the intelligence from the housetops. No outsider will learn when they start to unload."

"I'm watching the sales of the stock," said Sid. "As soon as I see an unusual amount changing hands I'll begin to have my suspicions, and that means I shall sell right away."

"Well, it's up to you. You're running the deal. Whatever you do we'll vote is all right. Won't we, fellows?"

"Sure we will," replied Ed and Fred.

Next day S. & T. bounded up to 95 by noon, and Sid thought it was nearly time to sell.

Hundreds of lambs were holding on to their stock with a mighty clutch because they believed it would surely go to par.

Although Sid saw nothing to give him the idea that the combine was closing out he suspected that the members were quietly unloading on a gullible public.

The Exchange was like a seething cauldron those days, for S. & T. was not the only stock that was up.

The boom had extended more or less to all the good stocks on the list, and as a consequence business was rushing in all of them.

The board room floor presented a very animated picture with five or six hundred brokers gesticulating and making Rome howl.

When S. & T. reached 95 Sid deserted the Exchange gallery and walked up to the little bank.

When he reached it a quotation of 96 went up on the board.

"It's top-heavy and I'm going to close out the deal," he said to himself. "It may go to par, but I doubt it. At any rate I'm going to be on the safe side. I've taken considerable risk as it is. I couldn't have been blamed if I sold out at 90."

So Sid put in his order for the sale of the 200 shares, and was told it would be sold right away.

Then he sat down in a seat just vacated by an excited customer, and watched the blackboard for an hour.

As there was no slump in that time he felt satisfied that the deal had gone through all right.

He decided to go to lunch.

Hardly had he left the bank when S. & T., which had touched 98, got on the toboggan and the price began to drop a point at the time.

It was the bears who had turned the trick, and they found the job easy as the syndicate had almost sold out and had no interest in sustaining the market any longer.

When Sid came from lunch he found the Exchange in an uproar over the slump.

Hundreds of outsiders were badly bitten, and a few brokers also had burned their fingers.

By the time the Exchange closed S. & T. was down to 80.

Owing to the rush of business the four did not come together until four o'clock, although Sid was waiting for them nearly half an hour.

Sam was the first to show up and he and Sid shook hands, and slapped each other on the back, when the ex-messenger told him that he had sold out nearly at the top of the market an hour before the decline set in.

Fred and Ed both displayed anxious faces when they joined Sam and Sid, for they did not know as yet that things had culminated in their favor.

Since the slump set in they had been on the anxious seat, and they were very eager to learn whether Sid had sold out in time.

They were as delighted as Sam when they found out that he had, and that a profit of about \$19 a share was coming to them.

When Sid got a settlement with the bank and divided up the winnings he found himself \$2,200 richer, or worth \$3,600 altogether, while Sam had made enough to raise his capital to a little over \$1,000.

As for Fred and Ed, the former now found himself worth \$870 and the latter \$725.

CHAPTER V.

SID SECURES A SNAP.

"Say, fellows," said Sid, when he met his three associates at the lunch room a few days after the conclusion of their successful deal in S. & T., "I've caught on to the greatest cinch of the century."

"The dickens you have!" ejaculated Sam. "What is it? A new pointer?"

"No. It's a job."

"Oh! I thought you wasn't going to run any more errands," said Ed.

"Neither am I."

"Then this isn't a messenger's job?" put in Fred.

"Not much it isn't. You don't call a messenger's job a cinch, do you?"

"I should say not," replied Sam. "What is the job?"

"Boss of the coop."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'll explain. This morning I met Mr. Farley on Broad Street, and he asked me if I had anything in sight yet. I said no. Then he said he knew of a place that I would like. A particular friend of his, named Morton, who represents several mining interests of Paradise, Nevada, wanted a smart boy to take charge of his office in the Hud-

son Building, while he is away in Germany taking the baths at a certain town for his health."

"Take charge of his office, eh? Gee! That will be a snap if you can fill the bill," said Ed.

"Mr. Farley scribbled off a note of introduction for me on a pad and I took it up to Mr. Morton, who is a fine looking old gentleman of about sixty," went on Sid. "I had a very pleasant interview with the gentleman, and he finally engaged me. He will pay me \$10 a week to look after his office between ten and four, and attend to such visitors as may call. He explained about everything he expected me to do, which isn't much, and I told him I guessed I could fill the bill all right. At any rate, he thinks I can, and I'm to start in next week."

"Then you're to be your own boss while the gentleman is away?" said Fred.

"That's the ticket."

"How long does he expect to be in Europe?" asked Ed.

"About six months."

"Lord! That job would suit me first rate."

"It would suit 'most any one that was satisfied to get along on ten cases a week, or could use the office as temporary headquarters for his private business."

"How do you get your money? Who will pay you?"

"His lawyer, who has an office at 115 Broadway. I'm to call there every Saturday noon for my wages."

"I suppose all you've got to do is to put in your time between ten and four on five days of the week and two hours on Saturday in the office to earn your wages," said Sam. "Gee! What a sinecure."

"I'm to have an hour for lunch, too, if I want to take it."

"Hold me, I shall faint," grinned Ed.

"How do you expect to put in your time?" said Sam.

"Studying the market and keeping track of things. There's a ticker in the office, and a telephone. What more do I want?"

"If you wanted anything more you'd be a hog," said Fred.

"You chaps can come up and see me any time during office hours and you'll be as welcome as the flowers in May."

"We'll come," said Sam.

"Bet your life we will," said Ed.

"I'm going to make it our headquarters. It will be just the same as if it was our own office."

"That'll be great," said Fred.

"Mr. Morton expects to get away on one of the steamers sailing next Wednesday morning. I dare say he'll take the American Line to Southampton."

Sid's associates congratulated him on his good luck, and then the four left the restaurant together. congratulated him, too.

When Sid told his sisters what a snap he had got they Nothing was said about it to his mother, as she did not know he had lost his position with Broker Higgins, and they thought it best not to undeceive her for the present.

Sid appeared at Mr. Morton's office on Monday morning, and received some additional instructions.

The gentleman went away soon after and did not return till about noon of the following day.

He told Sid that that would be his last visit, as all his

arrangements were made to depart with his wife for Europe next morning.

"Some things are likely to crop up which you will probably be unable to handle," he said. "In that event you must either telephone or call on Mr. Snow, my lawyer, for advice."

"All right, sir. I'll see that everything goes on all right while you are away. I've had enough experience in Wall Street to handle mining matters in good shape."

Mr. Morton then bade Sid goodbye and took his leave.

"It's fine to be your own boss and get paid for it," said the boy to himself, looking around the well-furnished office. "I can sit by the ticker and keep track of prices at the Exchange. There is nothing to prevent me from looking after any deal that I may get interested in. I can receive my friends here just as if the office was mine. Oh, this is the snap of all snaps for me."

When half past twelve came around he put on his hat and went to lunch as leisurely as any big mogul, first putting a sign on the door that he would be back about one.

On the following afternoon his three associates visited him in a bunch.

Sid was seated at Mr. Morton's desk, and he swung around in his pivot chair to greet them as they filed in.

"Help yourselves to chairs and make yourselves at home," he said.

"This is what I call reposing in clover," said Sam, taking possession of the chair next to the desk. "Half an hour more and you'll be through for the day."

"I'm through now for that matter. Half an hour more or less doesn't count for anything in this office," replied Sid.

"Done any business to-day for your boss?" asked Ed.

"Yes, I had several visitors. I sold 5,000 shares of Keystone Mining & Milling stock at twenty cents a share and got the money for them—a check for \$1,000—which I shall turn over to Mr. Morton's lawyer to-morrow. Mr. Morton's commission out of that is \$50, which is equivalent to five weeks' wages."

"Then your boss does a brokerage business in mining stock?"

"Not to any extent. The Keystone mine is one of the companies that he represents. He doesn't buy stock, he sells it. If any of his customers brings him mining shares to sell for them he obliges them and pockets the commission, but he does not make a business of doing it."

"Have you much on hand of that kind of stuff?" asked Sam.

"You mean mining stock? There's a safe full of it—mostly unsold shares of the mines Mr. Morton represents. There's a lot of other stock—some of it old and almost worthless that he took in exchange at one time but doesn't any more, for he found it was a losing proposition—the rest is stock left by customers of his to be disposed of when the chance offers. I'm going to make an effort to get rid of some of it. Nothing like doing business if you can."

"Mr. Morton must have taken quite a shine to you to trust you with so much stock that can be turned into money."

"He had to trust somebody, and Mr. Farley assured him I could be relied on."

"Does Mr. Farley know how you lost your job at Higgins'?"

"I don't think so. He never asked me anything about it, and I didn't volunteer the information. I have to turn over all checks and money to Mr. Snow, the lawyer, on the morning after receiving payments. That's the only tab that's kept on me that I know of."

"Catching those crooks has turned out a lucky thing for you," said Fred.

"Yes, I never would have got this job if I hadn't made the acquaintance of Mr. Farley."

At that juncture there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Sid, and to his surprise in walked Ralph Ruggles.

CHAPTER VI.

A WINNING MINING DEAL.

Ruggles stopped and looked with surprise at Sid and the three messengers.

He knew Sid's friends by sight.

"Well, Mr. Ruggles, what can I do for you?" asked Sid.

"Are you working here?" asked Ruggles, in an ungracious way.

"I have that honor, Mr. Ruggles," replied Sid, in his blandest tones.

"Well, I want to see Mr. Morton. Is he in?" asked Ruggles.

"No. He is some distance from here. I represent him, however, so if you will tell me your business——"

"Tell you my business? I guess not. I don't do business with boys," replied Ruggles, with a sneer.

"All right. I'm not aching to do business with you," returned Sid.

"When will Mr. Morton be back?"

"In about six months, more or less."

"I want a straight answer," demanded Ruggles, angrily.

"I've given it to you."

"I shall report your conduct to Mr. Morton when I see him."

"You are welcome to do so, Mr. Ruggles."

"Will you tell me when he will be back?"

"I have told you. He went to Europe yesterday morning and he does not expect to return much before six months. Now are you satisfied?"

"Who represents him while he is away?"

"I do."

"You! In a horn you do. You're only his office boy."

"Look here, Ruggles," said Sid, losing his patience, "if you've got any business with this office I wish you'd state what it is or get out. I represent Mr. Morton until he gets back. Now if you've got anything to say please say it."

Ruggles glared at Sid.

"Are you in charge of this office while Mr. Morton is away?" he asked, in an incredulous tone.

"I am."

"Have you authority to sell any Keystone Mining & Milling Co. stock?"

"I have."

"Well, Mr. Higgins sent me for 1,000 shares. Here is his check for \$210. The \$10 is Mr. Morton's commission."

"You might have said that in the first place. Take another chair, Sam, and let Mr. Ruggles sit down."

Sid went to the safe, opened it and took out a certificate of the Keystone Mining Co. for 1,000 shares.

It was signed by the names of the President, Vice President and Treasurer.

"In whose name will I make it out?" he asked.

Ruggles handed him a slip of paper containing a name.

Sid wrote it in on the blank space left for that purpose.

He then took a book from the safe and entered the name in it with other particulars of the transaction.

Placing the certificate in a long manilla envelope he handed it to Ruggles and took the check, the receipt of which he entered in a cash book.

"How long have you had this position?" asked Ruggles, curiously.

"Ever since Mr. Morton hired me," replied Sid.

"Did Mr. Morton know that you were fired from our office?" said Ruggles, in a disagreeable tone.

"No, I don't think he did. Perhaps you'd better tell him when he gets back. You might feel better after it."

Ruggles made no reply, but concluded that it was time for him to go, so he got up and walked out of the office without saying goodbye.

"Lord, he looked sour enough to curdle new milk," said Sam, going back to his original seat.

"Some people are born that way, and he's one of them, I guess," replied Sid.

"If I had his disposition I'd try to raffle it off," chuckled Ed.

"You wouldn't be able to get any one to invest in a ticket," said Sid. "He won't be satisfied till he tries to get me out of here."

"He'll have a sweet time doing it with your boss in Europe."

"He'll keep it in for me till Mr. Morton gets back and then he'll get word to him somehow that Mr. Higgins fired me for speculating."

"What do you care? You don't expect to stay here after Mr. Morton gets back."

"That's right. I hope I'll be able to hire an office of my own by that time."

"I wish we could all hire an office and go in business together," said Sam.

"That would be great, wouldn't it?" put in Ed.

"Stranger things than that happen in this world," answered Sid. "We are worth \$6,000 between us. If we could add another nought to that amount we'd be able to do something."

"If we could get hold of a few more tips like the one Sam picked up we'd make the raffle," said Fred.

"Then you'd better hustle and get hold of one," laughed Sid. "I think it is your turn."

"I wish I could," replied Fred.

"Well, fellows, I guess it's time we started home. I'm going to lock up," said Sid.

A minute later all hands filed outside.

Sid found he had lots of time to keep track of the market and abreast of things in Wall Street, and collect regular wages at the same time.

He turned up at half past nine next morning, but not a

visitor appeared up to the time he began to consider what he should have for his lunch.

"There seems to be nothing doing to-day," he said to himself. "I might as well get my lunch early, and then I'll be ready for any afternoon visitors who may call."

So he locked up and went down to a little restaurant on Beaver Street.

It was a gathering place for curb brokers, and Sid found many of them in there when he arrived.

He took a seat by himself at a table in the back part of the room.

Two brokers were seated at the next table, and while he was eating Sid heard them discussing a piece of news one of them had received from a friend out West in the mining district of Nevada.

"Fox wouldn't put me on to this thing if it wasn't so, and he's in a position to know about what's going on in the Little Giant," said one of the gentlemen.

"He says that a rich vein of ore has been discovered in the mine, eh?"

"Yes, and that the news will not get out to the public for a week."

"A week from the time he wrote you the letter?"

"Of course. We've got three days in which to buy as much of the stock as we can find. It's going at a quarter a share now, but Fox says it will jump to a dollar at least as soon as the strike becomes known. Before going into the market for it we must pick up all we can find on the quiet."

"Do you know anybody who has any of it?"

"No, I can't say that I do. I haven't seen any of it being offered lately; but I know there is quite a bunch of it around the district. Old Man Morton may have some of it on hand. I'll call on him some time to-day and see."

The brokers talked the matter over awhile longer, and then having finished their meal they left the table and soon after the restaurant.

"I guess I've struck a good tip," thought Sid. "Looks as if Little Giant mining stock was a good thing to get in on. I believe there's some of it in the safe at the office. I must see when I get back and look up the owner in the stock book. It might belong to Mr. Morton himself, in which event it will be my duty to get all I can for it—that is, if I'm authorized to sell it."

As soon as he returned to the office he went over the batches of stock in the safe and found a certificate of Little Giant for 5,000 shares made out in Mr. Morton's name.

"According to the market that is worth \$1,250. If a rich vein of ore has been found in the mine, as that broker has advance information of, why Mr. Morton will make money on this. At any rate I won't sell it if I have a call for it—in fact, I have no right to sell any of Mr. Morton's stocks unless I have instructions from his lawyer to do so. I think I'll buy some Little Giant on my own hook, and put the bunch on to it, too, as a good thing."

He took up the afternoon paper and was reading the news of the day when the door opened and a man, who looked as if he came from some place out of town, walked in.

"Is Mr. Morton in?" he inquired.

"No, sir; Mr. Morton is on his way to Europe," replied

Sid, politely. "I am attending to his business till he gets back. Can I do anything for you?"

"Perhaps you can."

"Take a seat, Mr. —"

"My name is Jenkins. About six months ago I bought 10,000 shares of Little Giant mining stock from Mr. Morton at fifteen cents a share. He told me that any time I wanted to sell it he would find a purchaser for me at the market rate. As I'm in need of some money to pay for a new house I'm having built I have called to get him to sell it for me. Can you tell me what it is worth now?"

Sid looked up the latest Goldfield quotations to make sure that the price the broker had mentioned in the restaurant was correct, and found that it was.

"It's quoted in Goldfield at twenty-five cents, Mr. Jenkins."

"Good. Can you get that for it?"

"I guess so."

"What will you charge me to sell it?"

"Our commission on 10,000 shares will be \$100."

"When can you sell it?"

"Right away if I can find a purchaser. Call back in an hour."

"I'll be back at about two," said the man, rising.

"One moment, Mr. Jenkins. You'll have to give me a written order to sell it. I'll write it out and you can sign it."

The visitor signed the order and then left.

Sid put on his hat and went to the safe deposit vault where he kept his money and took out \$2,500 of his money.

When Jenkins returned at two o'clock Sid handed him \$2,400, and took his receipt for the money.

After the man went away he made an entry in the cash book of the \$100 commission and put the money in the safe to hand over to Lawyer Snow, to whom he had already carried the two checks he received the day previous.

The Little Giant stock he put in an envelope, addressed to himself, and placed it in the safe.

Fifteen minutes later the gentleman who had spoken in the restaurant about the discovery of rich ore in the Little Giant mine made his appearance and asked for Mr. Morton.

"Gone to Europe, sir."

"Indeed! And who represents him?" asked the visitor.

"I do."

"Then perhaps you can tell me if he has any Little Giant stock in the office?"

"There is a certificate for 5,000 shares in the safe, but it is the personal property of Mr. Morton."

"Isn't it for sale?"

"I couldn't sell it without instructions from him."

"I would like to buy it. If you will send him a cable message I'll pay for it."

"It won't be necessary to do that, as I could see his lawyer about it. What are you offering for it?"

"I'll give a cent a share above the market, which is twenty-five."

"Leave me your address and I will let you know in the morning whether you can have it for that or not."

"Can't you telephone him?"

"I wouldn't be able to reach him now," replied Sid,

The gentleman, who gave his name as Lawrence, looked disappointed.

"What time can you let me know?" he asked.

"About eleven o'clock," replied Sid.

"All right," replied the broker and took his leave.

When Sam and the other two dropped in at half past three Sid told them what he had heard about the Little Giant mine, and they agreed to bring their money around in the morning to put into the stock.

Sid called on Lawyer Snow at ten o'clock and told him about the offer he had had for the 5,000 shares of Little Giant in the safe.

Then he told him what he had heard about the strike in the mine.

"I think it is advisable to hold on to it," he said.

"I think so, too. I couldn't authorize you to sell it anyway, without communicating with Mr. Morton," said Lawyer Snow.

"All right, sir. I'll tell the broker that it is not for sale."

"Do so."

Sid then told him he had sold 10,000 shares of Little Giant the day previous for a customer of Mr. Morton's at the market rate, and turned over the \$100 commission on the transaction.

"Whoever got it will probably make a good thing out of it if what you heard turns out to be true," said the lawyer.

Sid returned to the office, wrote a note to the broker and sent it to him by an A. D. T. messenger, then he went out and gave a curb broker he was acquainted with an order to buy him 14,000 shares of Little Giant at the market.

An hour later the shares were delivered to him.

He now had 24,000 shares of the stock in his possession, of which 14,000 belonged to himself and the remainder to his three associates.

In three days the news of the ore strike came out and the price of Little Giant jumped to fifty cents at once.

A week later it was selling readily for a dollar.

In another week it was up to \$1.50, and at that price the boys sold out, clearing a profit of \$30,000, divided as follows: \$17,500 to Sid; \$5,000 to Sam, and \$3,750 each to Ed and Fred.

The boys shook hands over the transaction and voted the mining deal a great success.

CHAPTER VII.

SID RECOVERS A STOLEN BAG.

"By ginger!" cried Sam, looking at his wad of \$6,000, "I never thought I'd be worth as much as this. This mining deal was just like finding money. I put up \$1,000 and I've got \$6,000 back. Can you beat that?"

"Beat it, I should say not," replied Ed. "Fred and me went in \$750 worth apiece and we've each made \$3,750 profit. I feel like going out and painting the town red."

"How much did you make, Sid?" asked Fred.

"Just \$17,500," replied Sid, complacently.

"Altogether the four of us are worth something over \$30,000," said Sam. "That is half of that \$60,000 Sid mentioned a couple of weeks ago."

"Say, if this thing keeps on, we'll be able to rent an of-

face and go into business together when Mr. Morton gets back," said Ed.

"That's what we will," said Fred, enthusiastically, "if all hands are willing."

"Nothing would suit me better, chappies," replied Sid. "We could put in the same amount all around and divide our profit evenly. Or, if we needed a larger capital, I could put in more money and take a proportionately larger share of the profit. However, we won't count our chickens before they're hatched. We may go broke on some deal before the time comes we are figuring on."

"Gee! I hope not," answered Ed.

"I don't know what to do with all this money," said Sam. "I think you'd better keep it in your safe for me, Sid."

"I'll put in my safe deposit box if you wish."

"All right; do so," and Sam handed him his roll of bills.

"Put mine in, too," said Ed.

"And mine with the others," put in Fred.

Sid put each of his friends' money in a separate envelope, on which he wrote the amount and the owner's name.

"There now, any time you chaps want to draw on your boodle let me know and I'll hand you out what you ask for," said Sid.

He put his own money in another big envelope and taking the four to the safe deposit vaults, put them in his private box and locked them up.

That afternoon Sid went up to the retail dry goods district to make a purchase for his mother at a Sixth Avenue department store.

He bought what he was after and ordered it sent to his home.

Sixth Avenue was thronged with people, the majority of whom were ladies, most of them out shopping.

As Sid stood on the corner of Eighteenth Street, under the shadow of the elevated station, he noticed a very pretty girl, accompanied by an elderly lady who appeared to be her mother, coming toward him.

Struck with the young lady's good looks and vivacious manner, Sid kept his eyes on her.

She had several small bundles in her arms, while swinging from her fingers by a thin chain, she carried a handsome little bag, which doubtless contained her purse.

A tall well-built and well-dressed woman brushed against her, and Sid saw her snatch the girl's bag from her hand like a flash and pass it across to a dapper-looking man beside her.

He whisked it out of sight under his coat and walked straight on up the street.

"Great Scot!" breathed Sid. "What a nervy theft!"

The girl uttered a low scream and seized the woman by the arm.

"You've taken my bag," cried the girl, excitedly. "Give it back to me."

"What's that?" replied the woman, glaring furiously at her. "How dare you accuse me of such a thing?"

"Because I know you took it. Give it back to me or I'll call a policeman," said the girl, spiritedly.

A crowd began to gather around them.

Sid, who knew the woman thief had not the bag in her

possession, stayed to hear no more but started after the dapper young man who he knew had it.

He walked fast so as not to lose sight of the woman's accomplice.

The man crossed the avenue at Nineteenth Street and kept on down that street.

Sid crossed to the other side of the way and shadowed him to Seventh Avenue.

The fellow walked up a couple of blocks and then entered a saloon.

Sid looked up and down the avenue in search of a policeman, but none was in sight.

"I'll have to go in after him," thought the boy. "It's up to me to get the young lady's bag back. I'm glad the rascal is not too big for me to handle. If it comes to blows between us I'll bet I can knock several kinds of daylight into him."

Sid walked into the saloon and saw the dapper young man drinking at the bar.

The boy saw the end of the girl's bag sticking out of the fellow's side pocket where he had shoved it on entering the place.

He determined to take the bull by the horns at once and risk the consequences.

So he approached the chap from behind as his arm was raised, holding the glass to his lips.

Grasping the corner of the bag he yanked it out of the man's pocket.

The fellow turned on him at once.

"Here, what are you about?" he demanded. "Give me that bag, you young crook."

His words and action attracted attention at once and drew all eyes toward him and Sid.

"You are a crook yourself," said Sid, stoutly, holding the bag out of his reach. "I saw the woman you were with snatch this bag from a young girl on Sixth Avenue and pass it to you, and I followed you here to recover it. Now that I've got it you won't get it back."

Sid spoke loud enough for all in the saloon to hear.

With an exclamation of anger the dapper young man sprang at Sid.

The boy dodged and backed toward the door.

"Don't let him escape," cried the woman's accomplice, making another attempt to seize Sid.

The Wall Street lad struck out and floored the crook with a blow under the jaw, and without waiting for him to recover darted out into the street.

The dapper young man picked himself up quickly and chased him, followed by half the customers in the saloon, who did not know what to think of the affair.

Sid shoved the bag into his side pocket and ran up Twenty-second Street toward Sixth Avenue, hoping to find the young lady who had been robbed.

The dapper young man chased after him at full speed, hoping to catch him half way up the long block.

He did not dare shout "Stop thief!" for he was afraid of attracting too much attention, and preferred to risk losing the booty than have to make an explanation to a policeman, who would probably take him and Sid to the station house together.

As Sid didn't run very fast the rascal soon came up with him.

"Keep your hands off me or I'll smash you in the jaw," cried the boy, stopping and facing him.

"I want that bag," replied the crook, doggedly.

"You'll take it out in wanting," replied Sid, resolutely. "It's a lucky thing for you that there isn't a cop in sight or I'd see that you were pinched."

"If you don't hand that bag over I'll fix you," hissed the rascal.

"I'll chance it. Now if you don't sheer off I'll knock your head off right here in the street and take the risk of being arrested for it."

The fellow thrust his hand into his breast and the next moment flashed out a stiletto.

"Give me that bag or I'll carve you up!" he gritted.

Sid didn't fancy the idea of running against a knife, but just the same he did not intend to give up the bag to the man.

A swift look around showed him an express wagon standing close by.

He made a dart for it.

Springing up on the wheel he grabbed the whip, reversed it and brought the handle down on the rascal's head as he raised his arm to stab him in the leg.

Owing to the position of the boy the blow was not hard enough to hurt his assailant greatly, and the fellow recovered in a moment and came at him again.

This time Sid swung the whip to better effect.

The fellow dodged his head, but Sid's blow was aimed at his arm.

The butt struck his wrist and sent the knife hurtling through the air.

The man uttered a cry of pain and jumped back as Sid made another demonstration with the whip.

By this time the rumpus had attracted quite a lot of attention from passers-by and persons in the buildings.

Sid dropped the whip, sprang down from the wheel and sailed into the dapper young man with his fists.

A crowd quickly gathered, but made no attempt to interfere.

Finally Sid smashed the fellow on the point of the jaw, knocking him clean out.

"He's a crook," said the boy to the crowd, "and ought to be run in, but there never is a cop around when wanted. The rascal drew a knife on me, that's why I put it all over him."

Thus speaking, Sid pushed his way through the crowd with an unconcerned air and no one attempted to stop him.

As he walked away he saw the knife glittering on a doorstep.

He picked it up and shoved it up his sleeve.

After he got some distance from the scene of the scrap he put it in one of his inside pockets.

Turning into Sixth Avenue he hurried to the corner of Eighteenth Street, but the thoroughfare had resumed its customary appearance, and there was no sign of the girl who had been robbed and her mother.

He asked the man at the news stand near the corner if he had noticed the trouble that had occurred over the theft of the young lady's bag.

He replied that a policeman had come up, but refused to arrest the woman accused of taking the bag, for she showed that she did not have it on her person.

"He advised the young lady and her mother to go to the Thirtieth Street police station and report their loss," he concluded.

"Did they go?" asked Sid.

"They started in that direction," replied the news man. Sid decided to go there and see if he could meet them.

So he walked up to Thirtieth Street and turned down toward Seventh Avenue.

The station was in the middle of the block.

Half way there he saw the girl and her mother coming toward him.

When he came up to them he raised his hat and stopped.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, but I have a few words to say to you," he said, politely.

They looked at him inquiringly.

"You, miss, had a small bag stolen from you on Sixth Avenue near the corner of Eighteenth Street," he went on.

"That is true," replied the girl. "A woman took it, I am positive, but when an officer came up she apparently did not have it in her possession. What she did with it I've not the least idea. The officer seemed to think I had made a mistake in accusing her, while she herself appeared to be very indignant. I didn't like her face, anyway, and I could swear it was she who stole my bag notwithstanding that it was not found on her."

"You are right, miss. She took it, for I saw her do the trick," said Sid.

"You saw her?" exclaimed the girl in surprise.

"I did."

"Then why didn't you come forward and tell the officer so?"

"Because the woman passed your bag to a man confederate who walked away. I knew that the only chance you had to get your property back was for me to follow the man and try to get it away from him."

"You followed him?"

"I did, to a saloon on Seventh Avenue, and there I got the bag away from him. I had a running scrap with him, and he finally drew a knife on me. I sprang on a wagon, took the whip and knocked it out of his hand. Then I pitched into him with my fists and settled him."

"Did you say that you got my bag away from him?"

"I did. Here it is," and Sid drew it from his pocket and handed it to her. "See if what you had in it is still there. I don't think he had a chance to take anything out of it. If he did he wouldn't have made such a fight to get it back."

The girl examined her bag and declared that everything she had in it was safe.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. —"

"My name is Sid Sands. I am employed in Wall Street."

He handed her his card which read as follows:

SIDNEY SANDS,

With Room 526, Hudson Building,
THOMAS MORTON, Wall Street,
Eastern representative of New York,
Keystone M. & M. Co.,
and other Paradise mines.

"I'm awfully glad to know you, Mr. Sands," she said with a smile. "My father is a Stock Exchange broker."

Perhaps you know him? His name is Alexander Arlington."

"I'm not acquainted with him, but I know him by sight."

"This is my mother," Miss Arlington said.

Sid bowed and said he was pleased to make her acquaintance.

"I think we had better return to the police station, mother, and tell the officer in charge that we have recovered our property. Will you accompany us, Mr. Sands?"

Sid said he would be pleased to do so, and explain matters to the satisfaction of the police.

The ladies then retraced their steps under Sid's escort.

CHAPTER VIII.

SID AND MISS ARLINGTON.

They lined up before the desk and the officer looked at them inquiringly.

"I have recovered my bag," said Miss Arlington, holding it up. "This gentleman took it away from the thief after following him some distance. We just met him coming this way. He recognized us and restored my property to me. I thought we ought to come back and tell you."

"I thought you were positive that it was the woman you described to me who stole your bag?" said the officer.

"So it was," spoke up Sid. "She passed it to a young man who was with her and he walked away, leaving her to face the music, and she seemed to be one of those women who can do that to the queen's taste. I'll bet she's an experienced professional. I saw the whole thing and followed the man to a saloon on Seventh Avenue where I recovered the young lady's bag by stratagem and then held on to it by force."

Sid described the trouble it had led him into and showed the stiletto.

The officer took it and laid it on his desk.

"You should have grabbed the man on Sixth Avenue, near the scene of the theft, and held him till an officer came," said the man at the desk. "Now he's at large, and we'll have the trouble of looking him up. Describe his general appearance."

Sid did so pretty accurately.

The officer wrote the description down.

"What's your name?" he said.

Sid handed him one of his cards.

"Where do you live?"

The boy told him.

"We will probably catch both the woman and the man and you will have to appear against them in the Jefferson Market Police Court."

"I'll do so."

"You can be found at either of the addresses you have given me, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I'm at the office from ten till four. I leave my home about half past eight in the morning and get back about five in the afternoon."

"You, young lady, will have to appear as complainant. You must leave your bag with me to be used as evidence. I will give you a receipt for it and its contents."

"Must I leave it?" she replied, evidently not liking to do that.

"It is necessary," he said, and she reluctantly handed it over.

After he had made a memorandum of the bag and its contents, he signed it and handed it to Miss Arlington.

"You will wait a few minutes, young man," said the officer, who called a policeman up and told him to call Detective Grady.

Sid was told to tell his story to the sleuth, and did so, and the man at the desk handed him the written description of the man, another detective had already been sent out to find the woman.

The detective got the location of the saloon where Sid had recovered the bag, and the part of the block where he had his final scrap with the dapper young man.

Sid was then permitted to leave the station.

He went away with Miss Arlington and her mother, who had waited for him.

"I am so sorry you got into trouble with that man from whom you recovered my bag," said Miss Arlington. "You might have been seriously hurt when he drew the knife on you."

"As long as I wasn't hurt it is all right, Miss Arlington," replied Sid.

"Well, I am ever so much obliged to you for what you have done in this matter, and I hope you will not be much inconvenienced if you have to come to court."

"I'm not worrying about that," laughed Sid.

"I trust you believe that I am very grateful to you for putting yourself out on my behalf," said the girl, earnestly.

"I have no doubt you are. I am pleased to feel that I was able to be of service to you."

"I shall always remember you with gratitude."

"That's all right, Miss Arlington. Shall I put you aboard a train, or do you intend to remain down town a while longer?"

"We are through with our shopping and were about to take the elevated at the Eighteenth Street station when that woman snatched my bag."

"Then I will see you to the Twenty-eighth Street station, and will ride up with you if you have no objection, for I am going home."

"We will be pleased to have your escort. We live on Seventy-second Street."

So Sid put them into a car and took a seat beside Miss Arlington.

They became very friendly by the time the train reached the Seventy-second Street station, where the ladies alighted.

Miss Arlington even promised to call at his office and see him the next time she went down to Wall Street to call on her father.

Sid bade mother and daughter good-bye and continued on home, where he had quite a story to tell his mother and sisters.

"You ought to be a detective, Sid," laughed his sister Fanny, "for you seem to be making a business of catching crooks lately."

"A couple of swallows don't make a summer, sis," laughed the boy. "This may be the last time I will figure in such a strenuous performance."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Sands. "You might have been stabbed by that man this afternoon."

"I admit it, though I took good care to keep out of reach of his knife."

"I trust the lady and her daughter appreciate what you did for them."

"They appeared to, mother."

"Well, supper is ready, so sit up, children."

Sid was reading the market report next morning in his office when the door opened and a fine-looking gentleman walked in.

The boy recognized him at once as Broker Alexander Arlington.

"I believe you are Sidney Sands," said the visitor.

"Yes, sir. Take a seat."

"My name is Arlington. You rendered my daughter a great favor yesterday afternoon, and I have called to thank you for it."

"Your wife and daughter have already thanked me, Mr. Arlington," replied Sid.

"Of course, and I wish to add, mine, also. You had quite a time, I understand, with the woman's accomplice, who attacked you with a knife."

"Yes, sir; I had rather a strenuous scrap with him, but I knocked him out in the end. I regret that the non-appearance of a policeman prevented me from landing him at the station house. Still I suppose I could have held him till an officer was sent for if I hadn't been so anxious to return the bag to your daughter."

"You probably acted as your judgment dictated, and once more I thank you. You are employed by Mr. Morton as his clerk, I believe."

"I am in charge of his office while he is in Europe, sir. The position, I think, is only temporary."

"This is not your first situation in Wall Street, is it?"

"No, sir. I worked as a messenger two years for Broker Higgins. We had some difference about a month or more ago and I left him. The trouble was about a deal I made in the market. It was against orders, but I saw a sure thing ahead and I took the chances. He heard about it and hauled me over the coals. In fact, I may as well admit that he told me to leave. As I made \$2,200 out of the deal I didn't worry much over our separation. Since then I've made about \$15,000 more, so, all things considered, I've done a whole lot better than if I had remained with Mr. Higgins."

"You have been fortunate, Sands; still I cannot say that I approve of your line of action, for it is against the regulations of the Street for employees to dabble in the market. However, I don't wish you to think that I am finding any fault with you. I am glad to know that you have made money; but the chances were very much against you. I dare say you are unusually smart. At any rate you look so. If I ever can be of service to you at any time, don't fail to call on me, and I will do the best I can for you," said the broker, rising.

"Thank you, sir; but I hope it may not be necessary to ask you to do me any favor. I am ambitious to make my way to the front entirely by my own exertions."

"The sentiment does you credit, young man. Still, it is very useful sometimes to have a friend to call upon when you need a little help."

The broker then wished him good morning and took his departure.

Soon after Sid returned from lunch a policeman called and told him his presence would be required at ten o'clock next Morning at the Jefferson Market court.

"I'll be there," replied Sid.

When he met his three associates that afternoon he surprised them with the account of his second thief-catching adventure.

"Say, you're all right, Sid," replied Sam. "You ought to join the police force. You'd make a good cop."

"No, thanks. I've no ambitions in that line. Wall Street is good enough for me. I intend to be a broker some day if I don't get broke before that time."

"We all hope to be brokers, so we are four of a kind," grinned Ed.

"Four of a kind is good," said Sid. "If we went into partnership we could have it painted on our office door—The Four of a Kind Co. Stocks and Bonds. Members of the Stock and Curb exchanges; also the Consolidated and Produce exchanges. Anything from railroad stocks to cereals bought and sold on commission. How would that strike you?"

"It would attract attention if it didn't bring in business," replied Sam.

"That sign would get us into the newspapers," laughed Fred.

"As long as it didn't get us into jail, what's the difference?" chuckled Ed.

The boys agreed that it would suit them from the ground floor up to start in business together, and Sid told them that another fortunate deal or two would place them in a position to gratify their ambition.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FOUR GET IN ON ANOTHER WINNING DEAL.

Next morning Sid went down on the Sixth Avenue elevated, got off at the Eighth Street station and walked up to the Jefferson Market Police Court.

It was about ten o'clock when he got there and announced his presence to an officer.

Broker Arlington was already there with his wife and daughter.

They bowed to Sid, and the latter made room on the bench for him beside her.

In a little while the woman who had snatched the bag from Miss Arlington, and her accomplice were called to the bar.

They pleaded not guilty, and had a lawyer on hand to look out for their interests.

Miss Arlington was called on and she told her story. She identified the woman as the person who had brushed rudely against her in the crowd on the avenue and had snatched her bag out of her hands.

On cross-examination by the lawyer for the defendant she admitted that the theft was done so quickly that she barely caught a glimpse of the woman's hand.

She maintained, however, that the woman was the thief. Then Sid took the stand.

He swore positively that he saw the woman steal the bag and pass it to her confederate.

"Why didn't you come forward then and have the defendant arrested on the spot?" asked the lawyer.

"What would have been the use?" replied Sid. "The bag had passed out of her possession."

The defendant was called to the stand and denied the theft in positive terms.

The man was called and denied that the woman had passed him the bag in question or anything else.

The lawyer asked that the woman be discharged on the ground that the evidence against her was not sufficient to establish her guilt.

The judge shook his head.

"I have here this woman's picture, No. 09999A, in the Rogue's Gallery, and a statement from the detective bureau that she has twice been convicted of the same offense and served two terms in Auburn penitentiary. I shall hold her for trial."

Sid was the only important witness against the man, and he told his story of how, after seeing the rascal receive the bag from the woman, he had followed him to the Seventh Avenue saloon, and there took the bag from him.

Then he described what happened afterward up to the moment he knocked the fellow out by a blow on the point of the chin.

The stiletto was produced in evidence, but was objected to by the lawyer for the defendant on the ground that, as the witness's testimony was uncorroborated, there existed a reasonable doubt that the person whom the witness alleged had drawn the dagger on him was the defendant.

Several witnesses, however, were brought forward by the police who swore that the defendant was the man the witness had had trouble with.

The barkeeper of the saloon substantiated a part of Sid's testimony, and several eye-witnesses of the trouble on Twentieth Street corroborated another part of his story.

In addition it was shown that the fellow's picture was No. 08809A in the Rogue's Gallery, and he had served a term in Sing Sing for highway robbery.

The judge held him for the action of the grand jury.

Broker Arlington, his wife and daughter and Sid left the court room and walked to the nearest elevated station.

After leaving the ladies at the stairs of the uptown side, Sid and the broker crossed the street and mounting the stairs of the downtown side took a train for Rector Street, from which they walked to their offices in Wall Street.

During the day Fred Farnham accidentally learned that a big syndicate had been formed to corner O. & N. shares.

Meeting Sid on his way to lunch Fred told him about the pointer.

"Well, you'll probably meet Sam and Ed at the lunch room this afternoon after you are off for the day. Fetch them up to my office. I'll wait for you and we'll talk the pointer over, and decide what we'll do about it," said Sid.

"I consider it just as good a tip as Sam's," said Fred.

"I hope it will prove so. Good-bye till later."

At four o'clock the four young speculators were assembled in Mr. Morton's office chock full of confidence in Fred's pointer.

It was decided to buy 3,000 shares of O. & N.—Ed and Fred to take 400 each, Sam 500, and Sid 1,700.

The combination had to put up \$30,000 to cover the margin; but they had the money and a few thousand over.

The stock was going at 88, but mindful of the drop which had taken place in S. & T. at the beginning of the

operations of the syndicate behind it, Sid told his associates that he intended to wait a few days probably before buying, even at the risk of having to pay a higher figure than 88, rather than run the chance of getting caught by an early slump, which might wipe their \$30,000 out.

"Most of these corners begin by the insiders depressing the price to shake out the stock as much as possible," said Sid. "That is likely to happen in this case, just as it did in S. & T., when we all got something of a scare."

"That's right," nodded Sam. "Better be sure than sorry."

"Yes. A smaller profit is better than no profit at all and a loss to boot," said Sid. "We are going into a mighty big deal this time. Thirty thousand represents pretty nearly all the capital we have acquired and we can't afford to lose it. Therefore, chappies, I'm going to be cautious. This is our opportunity to get enough for us to start in business, and it would be fierce to slip up on it."

"Bet your life it would," replied Sam.

"If we win this time you three will be able to tell your bosses that you have got tired running errands at steen dollars a week."

"We won't cut loose until Mr. Morton comes back and relieves you of your job," said Ed.

"I expect he'll be back in less than three months," replied Sid. "I had a letter from him this morning in which he said he was coming around all right at the German watering-place where he is stopping. He complimented me on the good report his lawyer had sent him of my management of his office, and said he congratulated himself on having secured such an excellent representative as myself."

"If your friend Ruggles knew you were doing so well he'd have a fit," chuckled Ed. "He likes you about as well as the Old Scratch does holy water."

It was five o'clock when the conference of the four broke up and the boys went home.

About half past eleven the door opened and an A. D. T. messenger walked in.

"I have a package for Sidney Sands," he said.

"That's my name," said Sid.

The messenger handed him a small package, took a receipt for it and left.

Sid wondered what the package contained and who had sent it.

Taking off the wrapper he found a dainty little envelope addressed to him in a female hand, and under it a small box with the imprint of Tiffany, jeweler.

Opening the envelope Sid pulled out a card with Miss Arlington's name and address engraved on it.

On the back of it was written the following:

"Dear Mr. Sands: Please accept the enclosed watch-charm as a slight token of my appreciation of your service to me in recovering my bag. Yours sincerely,

"GRACE ARLINGTON."

On removing the cover of the box Sid saw a gold enameled watch charm, encrusted with numerous small diamonds.

In the center of it were his initials "S. S." entwined, monogram fashion.

On the reverse, in very small characters, was "G. A. to S. S."

It was a very handsome ornament, and Sid was delighted with it.

He immediately attached it to his watch chain.

"This looks swell," he said. "It was very kind of Miss Arlington to send me this. So her name is Grace? That's a pretty name, and she's a mighty pretty girl."

Before going to lunch he wrote the fair donor a letter of thanks for her handsome present, assuring her that he would always wear it in remembrance of her.

Addressing the note "Miss Grace Arlington," he posted it on his way to the restaurant.

When the boys came together again that afternoon Sam piped the charm off at once.

"That's a peach," he said. "Been investing in jewelry?"

"No, it's a present from the young lady whose bag I recovered."

"That so? It's all to the mustard. I guess you deserved it, all right."

The three boys admired it greatly, and then began to twit Sid about the girl, asking whether she was pretty, and numerous other questions about her.

When they got tired of that they began to talk about the prospects of O. & N.

Next morning Sid devoted his attention to the quotations of O. & N., sitting beside the ticker and reading them off as they appeared on the tape.

During the next three days the price of the stock steadily declined to 81, and Sid refrained from buying it.

Then it began going up slowly.

When it reached 84 Sid judged he had better buy, and did so.

That afternoon he notified his associates that he had put the deal through.

Thereafter Sam, Ed and Fred began to take great interest in their office indicators, and in the blackboard of the Stock Exchange every time they carried a message there.

In the course of a week O. & N. was up to 90.

On the following week it rose to 98, and a big scramble ensued on the part of all speculators to get hold of some of it.

Each of the boys knew that the combination was about \$40,000 ahead, and they were so tickled that they nearly gave themselves away.

At the end of the week the boom was at its height, with O. & N. a little over par.

On Monday Sid came to the conclusion that the boom was showing signs of top-heaviness so he sold out at 101½.

The combined profit to the four he figured out at \$50,200.

Sid's own share amounted to \$28,475; Sam's, \$8,375; and Ed's and Fred's, \$6,700 each.

That raised their combined capital to \$86,000.

CHAPTER X.

SID HAS A CALL FROM MISS ARLINGTON.

"It's too bad that we didn't make a few more dollars all around," said Sid a few days afterward, when he had settled with the little bank and divided the profit of the deal among himself and his associates.

"Why so?" asked Sam. "I think we've done fine. I'm worth \$14,000 now."

"Because I'm shy just the measly sum of \$375 of being worth \$50,000," replied Sid.

"What's the difference? You'll make that \$375 some other time, and more, too. You've been pulling in most of the profit right along because you had more capital to put up."

"That's all right, but I took a larger risk than you chaps. This time I had \$17,000 at stake, while you had only \$5,000."

"My \$5,000 meant as much to me as your stake did to you. Well, we've won out and we have enough dough to go into business with. Let it be soon, and the sooner the better. How shall we go in? We three will put up \$10,000 each, and you?"

"I'll put in either \$20,000 or \$30,000. If the latter, half of the profits will come to me and the other half will be divided among you three. If the former, I'll take two-fifths of the profits, and you fellows one-fifth each. Whatever you say goes. We have a couple of months ahead of us to make our arrangements."

"If we have losses instead of profits you'll come in at the small end of the horn instead of the big end as you have just figured," said Ed.

"Yes, I'll be either the largest gainer or the largest loser, according to how the cat jumps," said Sid.

The three turned their money over to Sid to put away in his safe deposit, and he wrote the new amounts on their envelopes.

The total amount contained in the four envelopes footed up \$86,475.

"Who'd have thought we'd ever be worth so much?" said Ed. "Why, when we captured those two crooks about four months ago I was only worth \$150, now I can lay claim to \$11,000 more than that."

"And I've made \$49,000 since then," said Sid, complacently.

"If you keep on at that ratio you'll be worth a million before you're twenty-one," remarked Fred.

"I hope we'll all be millionaires one of these days," said Sam.

"What would you do with a million if you had it, Sam?" said Sid.

"Use it to make another million," replied Sam, promptly.

"If I made a million, I'd retire from business, buy an automobile and tour the country," said Ed.

"After you had toured the country, what then?" said Sid.

"I'd go to Europe and spread myself."

"And after that?"

"Oh, I'd have to consider," grinned Ed.

Next day was Saturday and Sid was sitting in his office waiting for twelve o'clock to come around, at which hour he was due at Lawyer Snow's office, when a gentle tap came on the door.

"Come in," said the boy, and in walked Grace Arlington, arrayed in a fetching gown and hat, and looking prettier than ever.

Sid jumped up and walked over to greet her.

"This is a delightful surprise," he said, in an animated tone. "It's very kind of you to call, Miss Arlington. Take a seat and make yourself at home."

"I promised to call, you know," she said, smilingly, "and I always keep my word."

"I appreciate the honor you have paid me," he replied.

"Do you? It's very nice of you to say so."

"Well, it's an honor to have a charming young lady call upon you."

"Dear me, how complimentary you are."

"If it's a compliment, you certainly deserve it."

Grace smiled and blushed a little.

"So this is your office? It's a very nice one."

"It's Mr. Morton's office, but I expect to have one of my own shortly."

"Are you thinking of going into business for yourself?"

"I and three friends, who style ourselves Four of a Kind, will open up on our own hook in the course of three months, when Mr. Morton returns from Europe."

"Indeed! That will be nice. I wish you success."

"Thank you, Miss Arlington. We hope to do well. Four months ago the four of us were worth just \$1,100, now we are worth over \$80,000."

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"And what's more, we made every cent of it through lucky speculations in the market."

"You and your friends must be awfully smart," she said.

"Say rather that we're awfully lucky."

"But I'm sure you're smart, too."

"It's to be hoped we are, for we need to be up to snuff to follow the business successfully."

Sid and Miss Arlington enjoyed quite a tete-a-tete, and when the clock pointed to five minutes of twelve Grace said she'd have to return to her father's office to go home with him.

Sid bade her good-bye, invited her to call again, and then locked up and went up to Broadway to call on Lawyer Snow.

It was about this time that the trial of the two crooks who had almost succeeded in robbing Mr. Farley's safe came on, and Sid and his three friends were subpoenaed to appear as witnesses against them.

The case was quickly disposed of, for not the slightest doubt of the men's guilt was in the jury's minds after the various witnesses had testified, and they brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

The men were sentenced to several years in Sing Sing.

A few days afterward Sid was summoned before the grand jury to testify against the man and woman implicated in the robbery of Miss Arlington's bag.

When he got there he found Grace and several other witnesses present.

After hearing what Sid and Miss Arlington had to say the grand jury, though pretty well satisfied that the woman was guilty, refused to hand down an indictment against her on the ground that the testimony would hardly convict her, as it was uncorroborated.

The man also escaped because, though Sid swore he took the bag from him, and had seen him receive it from the woman, his statement could not be substantiated.

About a week later L. & M. stock began to boom like a house afire.

It took the Exchange by surprise, and there was a great rush to buy by the speculative brokers as well as the general public.

Sid got his first knowledge of the rise from his office ticker.

The price was rising a point at a time.

"Too bad that we chaps aren't in on this," he said to himself. "We could make something out of it though, I should think, if we acted right away. There's little chance of my seeing them before business is over for the day so I suppose I'll have to play a lone hand this time."

At that moment the door banged open and Ed dashed in.

"Say, Sid, I've only got a moment to stay. Have you heard about the rise in L. & M.?"

"Do you think that would escape me with a ticker at my elbow?" replied Sid.

"Don't you think we'd better get in on it?"

"Yes. I was just going out to buy some shares for myself."

"Why not for the bunch?"

"I have no authority to touch the other chaps' money."

"Oh, it would be all right."

"If I should win, of course; but if I lost——"

"None of us would blame you. I wouldn't, anyway."

"That's all right, but it isn't business. I don't intend to use any of the fellows' money without orders."

"Well, I give you leave to use mine—any part or all."

Sid drew a pad toward him, wrote something on it and told Ed to sign it.

He did so.

"Now you're in this with me, and have got to take your chances," said Sid.

He and Ed left the office together.

L. & M. was then going at 91 and a fraction.

Sid went to the safe deposit vault and drew \$10,000 of Ed's money and \$20,000 of his own.

He went to Mr. Arlington's office, but the broker was at the Exchange.

He gave the cashier an order to buy 3,000 L. & M. for him at the market.

The order was quickly executed, but the stock cost Sid 92.

He rushed back to his office and gave his attention to the ticker.

The price kept on advancing till at half past two it was up to 102½.

Sid decided that was high enough for him, so he ran over to the broker's and ordered the shares sold.

The order was transmitted to Mr. Arlington and he sold the stock in a few minutes.

At quarter past four Sam, Ed and Fred came tumbling into Sid's office.

"Say, Sid, is it true you've bought L. & M. for yourself and Ed and not for me and Fred?" asked Sam breathlessly.

"It's true as the Gospel," replied Sid.

"Why didn't you include us?" asked Sam, in an injured tone.

"Didn't Ed tell you why?"

"Yes, but that's nonsense. We expected that you would treat us all alike and use our money whether you had an order or not."

"Couldn't think of it, sonny."

"I think it's pretty mean for Fred and me to be left out of a good thing."

"Well, I wasn't sure it was a good thing when I tackled it. I was willing to take the chances for myself, and for Ed, after he had given me a written order to use his money, but I wouldn't touch your funds without being authorized to do so."

"L. & M. is up to 103½ now. That's what it closed at. How much did you buy?"

"One thousand shares for Ed and 2,000 for myself."

"You have made over \$11 a share so far, and may make more."

"No. I sold out at 102 and a fraction. Ed will clear \$10,000 and I'll make double that."

"While Fred and I are left," replied Sam, with a growl.

"That's your luck. If the stock had gone up five or six points and then went on a slump, as it was liable to do, Ed and I would have been losers while you chaps would have been all to the good."

Sam, however, felt that he had been ill used and looked grouchy.

In his opinion he had lost \$10,000.

Fred, however, took the matter good naturedly.

In the end Sam recovered his good humor again, and wrote out an order authorizing Sid to use his money any time he saw proper to do so, and Fred signed a similar order.

CHAPTER XI.

SIDNEY SANDS & CO., STOCKS AND BONDS.

The four young speculators were now worth \$117,000 between them, of which Sid owned the far larger portion, or \$70,000.

When Mr. Arlington's cashier brought him in a check made out to Sid's order for something over \$60,000 he was surprised and asked his employee about the deal.

He retained the check and carried it over to Sid's office personally that afternoon, the one following the deal.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Arlington," said Sid. "Sit down."

"You made quite a big deal in my office," said the broker. "I congratulate you on doubling your money."

"A third of that check belongs to one of my friends, who went in with me."

"Well, you made \$20,000 at any rate."

"That's right."

"You seem to possess the knack of speculating successfully; but for all that I would advise you to be very cautious. Had L. & M. taken on a slump you might have lost the greater part of your margin."

"That's the chance a chap has to take who speculates on margins."

"It's a dangerous game."

"I won't deny it, but it's an exciting one."

"Do you intend to follow this thing up?"

"Such is my intention."

The broker shook his head disapprovingly.

"You are liable to lose all your money much quicker than you made it."

"Perhaps so."

"I advise you to go slow."

"I intend to be cautious."

"I think you ought to put the money you have won into something stable—something that will turn you in a steady income."

"Your advice is good, Mr. Arlington, but I'm afraid I wouldn't feel satisfied to do that, at least not yet awhile."

The broker saw there was no use in continuing the argument so he turned the conversation in another direction.

"Mrs. Arlington, my daughter and myself would be glad to have you call on us some evening when you are not otherwise engaged."

"I will be pleased to do so. If you will set an evening I will consider it an engagement."

"Suppose you come up next Thursday?"

"All right. Next Thursday suits me as well as any other."

After some further talk the broker went away.

When Thursday evening came Sid put on his best clothes and made his appearance at Mr. Arlington's home on West Seventy-second Street.

He received a warm greeting and spent an enjoyable evening, the larger part in Grace's company.

The young lady laid herself out to entertain him, and Sid was more than ever impressed by her beauty and vivacity.

She invited him to call again soon, and he said he would.

During the next two months he called several times, and the young people became very much interested in each other.

During that time Sid and his friends did not get in on any other stock deal, so their money remained safe in the deposit vault.

At the end of the second month Mr. Morton returned, fully recovered in health, and after a talk with Sid, wanted him to remain with him, as he had some thought of enlarging the scope of his business.

Sid, however, said he was going into business on his own hook with three of his friends, and so the mining man had to look around for some other assistant.

A few days later the four boys met at Mr. Morton's office after hours, with that gentleman's permission, and arranged their partnership agreement.

The capital of the new firm was to be \$80,000, contributed as follows:

Sid, \$40,000; Ed, \$20,000, and Sam and Fred \$10,000 each.

Their interest in either profits or losses was to be in proportion to their investments.

The firm was to be known as Sidney Sands & Co., and its business was to deal in stocks and bonds on commission, and speculate when a good chance offered.

Sid found two rooms—a small one and a good-sized one, in the Norcross Building on Wall Street, and he rented it, giving Mr. Arlington as his reference.

He furnished it up in proper style for business while his partners were working out their last week with their bosses.

On the following Monday morning the boys all came down at half past nine, and gathered at Sid's desk to consider their plan of operations for that day.

"One of us must remain in the office all the time. We can take turns doing that. Ed, it will be your job this week. Sam you will go to the gallery of the Stock Exchange and put in your time there. You, Fred, station yourself at the Curb, and take note of what's going on

there. I will walk around among the brokers and see what I can learn. That will be the program for the day."

Sid being the head of the firm and manager, whatever he said went.

That had been decided on at the time they entered into their partnership.

"Now, chappies, we've got to make a reputation for ourselves in the Street. We are four of a kind and the combination ought to make Wall Street hum, even if we are only boys. It's young blood that tells in these up-to-date days. Paste that fact in your hats and see that you don't forget it. If we don't show the old fogies some new kinks I shall be much disappointed. This is our first day in business. Let us try and make it a red-letter one in our calendar by doing something."

"That's the talk," said Sam, enthusiastically.

"Bet your boots," said Ed. "There won't be any flies on us."

"I hope not. Now then it's five minutes of ten. Get a move on Sam, and you too, Fred. The exchanges will be open by the time you get on the ground," said Sid.

Sam and Fred put on their hats and departed.

Sid was about to follow suit when the door opened and a bearded man walked in.

"Is Mr. Sands in?" he inquired.

"I am Mr. Sands," replied Sid.

"I mean Mr. Sidney Sands."

"That's my name."

"You can't be the head of the firm here?"

"Why not?"

"Why I should say that you are rather too young looking."

"I'll be older one of these days if I live. What can I do for you Mr. —?"

The visitor appeared to be rather undecided what to say.

"So you are the head of this firm, eh?" said the gentleman at length.

"Yes, sir."

"Is that young man your partner?"

"One of them."

"How many have you?"

"There are four of us."

"Four!"

"Yes, of a kind."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That we are of one mind in whatever we do."

"Oh, I see. This is a boy firm of brokers, I should judge."

"We're hardly men as yet. But you haven't told me your name, or how I can serve you."

"My name is Jenkins. I'm a broker and have an office on this floor. As to serving me, I don't know as I can do any business with boys. Being under age you are hardly responsible. You must have funds to hire and fit up such an office as this, but I don't see how you are going to make it pay."

"That's our funeral, Mr. Jenkins. We are starting out rather early, but then it's the early bird that catches the worm."

"If any worms come its way."

"Of course. You're our first visitor, and we shall inscribe your name in our day book in red ink, even if we

don't do any business with you. Some day when we are a firm of some consequence in the Street you will, if you're alive, no doubt look back with pleasure to the fact that your name heads the list on our books."

"Upon my word you're a good talker, and you have no lack of nerve to start out as a broker."

"Nerve is a good thing to have, especially if you have money to back it up with."

"Are you doing anything in the speculative line?" asked the visitor after a momentary pause.

"We are open to consider any proposition that promises to pan out."

"Then I think I could put something in your way."

"What is it?"

"I have a few thousand shares of Powhattan Consolidated, a mining stock of great promise, in my safe. If you'd like to buy the block I'll let you have it cheap as I need the money."

"How long have you had it in your safe?" asked Sid, who knew through his experience in Mr. Morton's office that Powhattan Consolidated was a scaly Nevada mine which had started with a flourish of trumpets and then dropped almost out of sight, owing to the poor quality of its ore assays.

"Not long. It's a good mine."

"Good for nothing you mean," replied Sid, coolly.

"Why do you say that?" asked the broker, looking at him keenly.

"Just what I said. I wouldn't give a cent a share for all the Powhattan Consolidated on the market."

"I'm thinking, young man, that you are not very well acquainted with mining stocks."

"Maybe not, but I had an idea I was for I've been studying the Western mines pretty closely during the last six months under circumstances that enabled me to find out the truth about the majority of them."

Broker Jenkins was rather taken aback.

He saw that Sid appeared far from being an easy mark.

He had nothing more to say about Powhattan Consolidated, and presently took his departure.

But after he got on the street he began to circulate the news of the firm of boy brokers in the Norcross Building, and the facts were soon known to an extensive number of traders, who were more or less astonished at the intelligence.

CHAPTER XII.

SID GETS HOLD OF A TIP AND MAKES AN OPTION DEAL.

In the meantime Sid walked around the brokers, dropping into offices here and there, with his ears and eyes wide open.

A shower of rain came up about noon, and as he had no umbrella he took shelter in the corridor of an office building.

As he leaned against a big round pillar watching the rain outside two men came to a stop on the other side of the post.

"You are certain that the Gordon crowd is going to corner D. & H.?" said one.

"Positive. I got the tip from my brother-in-law, who is Gordon's secretary, and he wouldn't have put me on to it

if there was any doubt about the matter," answered the other gentleman. "D. & H. is going at 85 now, and anybody who gets it at that, or near that figure, and holds on to it, will make a profit of anywhere from \$15 to \$20 a share. It will be just like finding money. I want you to go in with me and we'll buy as much as we can afford on margin, and then we'll stand to make a small barrel of money."

"All right. I'm with you. I can put up \$50,000."

"I'll have that much, too, by the morning. Drop in at my office by half past nine with a certified check, and I'll guarantee we'll divide \$150,000 between us."

They talked the subject over till the rain let up and then they left the building.

Sid, who had heard every word, followed the gentleman who had received the tip and learned that he was the New York representative of a big Western car-wheel works.

Before returning to his office Sid had his lunch, and got back to the office in time to let Ed go to his.

"I've captured a fine pointer," he said to Ed, as his partner reached for his hat.

"Good. What is it?"

"It will keep till you get back. If you see Fred down at the Curb send him up. And drop in at the Exchange gallery and tell Sam to come back. As this promises to be a big thing I want to hold a consultation before I do anything," said Sid.

"All right," said Ed, and he went out.

A short time after Ed's departure Sid had his second visitor of the day.

This was another broker named Rutgers, who had heard about the four boy brokers from Jenkins, and was anxious to make a visit of observation.

"Mr. Sands in?" he inquired, looking at Sid.

"Yes, sir. I'm Mr. Sands. Take a seat."

Rutgers sat down beside his desk.

"Mr. Jenkins, who has an office on this floor, told me that this was a firm of boy traders who had started out to see what they could do in the brokerage line. I thought he was joking so I came up to see whether there was any truth in his story."

"It's true enough. He was in here himself investigating the firm and incidentally trying to unload on us a bunch of Powhattan Consolidated mining shares."

"That's pretty good stock," said Rutgers, with a solemn wink.

"Yes, to sell if you can find a purchaser," replied Sid.

"And to buy as an investment, for it's sure to go up."

"Up Salt Creek, you mean?"

"Why do you think that, young man?"

"Because I know what the mine is. Its ore is of so poor a quality that it hasn't paid the cost of mining."

"Hum! You seem to be in touch with mining matters."

"It's my business to be. If I didn't know the good mines from the bad what use would it be starting out in this business?"

"You are making a specialty of mining stocks, then?"

"No, sir. We are ready to deal in all kinds of stocks on a commission basis, just as you do, for I believe you are a trader yourself, though you haven't introduced yourself."

"Pardon me for the omission. My name is Rutgers, and my office is in the Anchor Building."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rutgers."

"I understand there are four of you, all boys, in this firm."

"You understand right."

"I suppose you've all picked up your knowledge of stocks in Wall Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"It takes considerable capital to do anything in the brokerage line."

Sid nodded and looked hard at his visitor.

It struck him that Rutgers was trying to pump him.

"You have a nice office here, and even a small suite like this costs money in this neighborhood," said the caller.

"Yes, rents are steep in Wall Street and vicinity."

"You'll have to do business to pay your expenses."

"Naturally."

"It may be some time before you do anything."

"Well?"

"I hope you have capital enough to carry you over."

"We're not worrying about that."

"Then you have the necessary capital, eh?"

"We didn't start in on wind."

"Hum! Perhaps I could put you on to something that would give you a little lift."

"You are very kind to suggest it," replied Sid.

"Not at all. I have always taken a great interest in young people who are trying to get on in the world. It's a weakness I have."

Mr. Rutgers at that moment looked as if the milk of human kindness was bubbling over in his breast.

Sid made no reply.

He was satisfied that his visitor was trying to lay some trap for the new firm.

"I would suggest that you buy D. & H." said Rutgers, with a benevolent smile.

Sid gave a start of surprise.

It was the very stock he had the tip on, and which he was satisfied was a good thing.

"Why D. & H.?" he asked.

"Because it is almost certain to go up soon."

"How do you know that?"

"I got the tip on the quiet."

The truth was Rutgers had heard that D. & H. was likely to go down, and he thought he would try and sell 500 shares that he had to the boy firm.

The syndicate which had started in to corner the stock had circulated a report around the Street to the effect that a big bear pool had been formed to push the stock down.

The object of this was to bring about a decline so that the syndicate's brokers could buy in the stock as cheap as possible.

Sid was rather puzzled that Rutgers, who was practically a stranger to him, should actually hand him out a real pointer.

"Then you think D. & H. is a good thing to go in on?" he said.

"Nothing better. I have loaded up on it myself. As the stock is rather scarce I don't mind letting you have 500 shares at the market as I need the money. I find I went in a bit too heavy."

Sid looked over the tape at his elbow and found that the last sale of D. & H. had been made at 83½.

Even as he looked another quotation came out at 83 $\frac{3}{8}$, and still another at 83 $\frac{1}{8}$.

He saw that the stock was going down.

"The latest price is 83 $\frac{1}{8}$," he said to the broker.

As Rutgers had noticed that the price was 85 when he left his own office he saw that he must do business quick if he expected to make anything.

"Well, I'll let you have 500 at that," he said.

Sid had no intention of buying D. & H. outright.

There was no money in it for the firm, as they did not have capital enough to operate on that safe and sane principle.

Five hundred shares at 83 $\frac{1}{8}$ would cost \$41,562.50, and that was half of their capital, while 500, bought on margin, would take only \$5,000.

Of course, in the latter case there was the risk as well as the interest on a matter of \$36,000 to be considered, but that was a part of the game.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Rutgers, but I don't care to make such a heavy investment. If you'll sell me an option on that 500 shares, or even on a thousand or two, I might consider the matter."

"An option, eh? Why that way would cost you more money."

"In the end, yes; but if the price is going up, as you say, we could afford to pay for the accommodation," replied Sid, with an innocent expression.

"Well, I'll sell you a five-day option at 83 on 1,000 or 2,000 shares if you want to take it that way. You'll have to put up a deposit of five per cent. on the current value of the shares."

"Five days is too short. Make it ten and I'll go you," said Sid.

"You'll have to give 85."

"Couldn't think of it. That's an advance of four points."

"It's likely to be up ten points in ten days," said the broker.

Sid believed him and wondered why he was willing to sell the option when he professed to have a tip that the stock was going up.

He immediately jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Rutgers had no knowledge of what was in prospect, but was figuring on the present decline.

He looked at the tape.

"D. & H. has declined to 80 $\frac{1}{2}$. I'll give you 83 for the option."

"I'll give it to you for 84. That's the best I can do."

Sid finally accepted, and the broker sat down at his desk and wrote out a ten-day option on 2,000 shares of D. & H. at 84, the deposit to be five per cent. of the current value, viz., 80 $\frac{1}{2}$, which amounted to \$8,050.

Sid handed him that amount and he departed.

CHAPTER XIII.

D. & H. PROVES A BIG WINNER.

In a few minutes Sam, Ed and Fred came in together.

Sid called them into the private room, leaving the door open so they could see if any one entered the main office.

He then told them about the pointer on D. & H. he had got hold of, and also about the option he had bought from Broker Rutgers.

"Rutgers thinks we are ~~easy~~, but if things go right he'll find out his mistake," said Sid. "Now, you chaps can hang around the office or go out, as you choose. I'm going over to Broker Arlington to buy 5,000 shares of D. & H. I don't think it will go much lower—at any rate not ten points."

Sid put on his hat and departed.

He stopped in at the safe deposit vault and took out \$50,000.

With this in his pocket he entered Mr. Arlington's office.

The broker was in and welcomed him in a very friendly way.

"I've brought you an order, Mr. Arlington, from the new firm."

"Much obliged. I'll try to reciprocate some time."

"We want you to buy for us 5,000 shares of D. & H. at the market on the usual margin," continued Sid. "There is \$50,000 to cover the deposit."

Mr. Arlington took the order and Sid took his leave.

That afternoon D. & H. closed at 78.

Broker Rutgers shook hands with himself, and regarded the \$8,000 deposit he had received from the boy firm as good as so much profit.

He told Jenkins about the deal he had made with the young broker, and that trader felt jealous of his success.

So much so that he made a call at the office of Sid Sands & Co. right away and asked Sid if he wanted to buy any more D. & H.

"I don't know that I do. It's gone down to 78, and Mr. Rutgers told me it was going up."

"It won't stay down any length of time."

"Will you sell me a ten-day option at 80 on 2,000 shares?"

"I will," said Jenkins, in his eagerness to get hold of some of the boy's capital.

"Write it out. At 78, the closing price, 2,000 shares is worth \$156,000. Five per cent. of that is \$7,800. I'll get the money."

Sid went to his safe and got it.

Jenkins handed him the option and he handed Jenkins the money.

The broker departed quite satisfied with the transaction.

Next day D. & H. dropped steadily down to 73, and both Jenkins and Rutgers rubbed their hands together and felt good.

Just before the Exchange closed D. & H. rose to 74.

On the following day it went up to 75.

There it stopped for two days.

On the fifth day of the options it went to 76 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The boys watched it with deep interest, which was natural.

"The options have five more days to run. By that time I hope it will be well up in the 80s," said Sid to his partners. "It would give me a whole lot of satisfaction to get the best of those two gentlemen who think they have played it on us."

"Bet your life," replied Ed. "I'd rather do them than eat at Delmonico's."

"There's some one at the door," said Sam.

The boys looked out into the big room and to their surprise saw Ralph Ruggles.

"I wonder what he wants," said Fred.

Sid left his desk and went out to see.

"Hello, Ruggles, what can I do for you?" he said.

"Nothing. I just came around to see if it was true that you had gone into business for yourself."

"Well, you see it's true."

"I suppose you expect to make money?"

"That's what we're in business for."

"Business! Healthy lot of business you chaps will ever do."

"Look here, Ruggles, did you eat something for your lunch to-day that disagreed with you?"

"No, I didn't," snorted the clerk. "I'm going now. I'll be up here to attend your funeral when it comes off," he added with an unpleasant grin.

"Thank you. We'll let you know when it's to come off. Good-day."

Next day D. & H. continued to go up and closed at 78.

On the following day, the seventh of the options, it went to 79, and Broker Jenkins began to fear that the good thing he thought he had wasn't so good after all.

He hadn't bought the stock to cover his own option, thinking it wouldn't be necessary.

He decided he had better do it now.

When he tried to do it he found that it was scarcer than hen's teeth.

He had a lot of trouble in getting hold of 2,000 shares, and was forced to give 81 for it.

His deal, therefore, stood him in a loss of \$2,000, and he was as mad as a hatter to think Sid had got so much the better of him.

He sent word around to the boys' office to know if they wanted the shares, but Sid replied that he was not yet ready to call for it.

Rutgers hadn't bought the 1,500 shares he needed to cover his option, and made no effort to do so, as he believed the rise would not reach 84, but that the stock would slump at any moment.

On the eighth day D. & H. got a move on and went to 85 amid some excitement in the board room.

Rutgers had a fit when he saw the advance, but comforted himself with the reflection that D. & H. would go down next day.

Instead of going down it went up to 95 with a rush.

A tremendous demand for it ensued, and Rutgers, who realized that an actual boom was on, hustled to buy in 1,500 shares.

He got it, but the stock cost him 92.

That meant he was \$16,000 out on his option deal, and consequently he was in mighty bad humor.

The following day was the last of the run of the two options.

Instead of calling for the stock, which he knew the firm didn't have the capital to pay for, he called on Mr. Arlington, told him about the deals and asked him to help the firm out by taking the options off his hands at a small discount.

The market price of the 4,000 shares at 95 was \$380,000.

The boy firm owed \$328,000 on it, less their two deposits, amounting to \$15,850.

Their profit, therefore, amounted to \$67,850.

Sid offered the options to Mr. Arlington for \$65,000.

"I won't take any advantage of you, Sands," the broker said. "I'll give you \$67,000, and keep the \$850."

"All right, sir. Much obliged."

The broker drew his check for the sum and Sid transferred to him the options.

Mr. Arlington immediately sent a clerk to Jenkins with his check and the option that broker had signed and a demand for the stock.

Jenkins turned it over.

The clerk then paid a similar visit to Rutgers and got his 2,000 shares.

By that time D. & H. was up to 97½, and Broker Arlington sold the 4,000 on the floor for that price, making a profit of \$6,000.

When the price reached 98 Sid sent word to Mr. Arlington to sell the 5,000 shares he held for the boy firm on margin and he did so.

The result of the D. & H. deals was that the young firm cleared \$90,000 on the 5,000 shares and \$67,000 on the two options, \$157,000 altogether, which raised their capital to \$237,000, or over a quarter of a million.

CHAPTER XIV.

RUGGLES GETS IT IN THE NECK.

"I guess we are the people, after all," said Sam, triumphantly on the day that Sid received his check from Mr. Arlington in settlement of the option deal.

"Nothing surer," chuckled Ed.

"You and I have a \$30,000 interest in the firm now, instead of \$10,000," said Sam to Fred. "Doesn't that make you feel good?"

"I should say it does," replied Fred. "I feel like a small capitalist."

"Better than running errands, eh?" said Ed.

"Well, I guess," responded Sam. "Sid is in great luck. He has over \$100,000 in the firm."

"And I have nearly \$60,000," said Ed, complacently.

"We'll all be millionaires some day," said Sam.

"Hello! Here's a lady visitor," said Ed. "I'll see what she wants."

A closer inspection of the visitor showed that she wore a thick veil, and her figure was not exactly sylph-like.

"Is Mr. Sands in?" she inquired in a voice that sounded somewhat masculine.

"No, madam," replied Ed. "He is over at——oh, here he is," as Sid unexpectedly walked in.

"Are you Mr. Sands?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, madam. What can I do for you?" asked Sid.

"Why, you're only a little boy."

Sid looked disconcerted while his partners chuckled.

"Do you pretend to be a broker? Why, the idea!" continued the caller. "I would be afraid to do business with you. Are these your partners? Dear me, this must be a kindergarten for brokers," and the speaker laughed under her veil.

"I beg your pardon, madam. We are just as responsible as any brokerage house in the street," said Sid, annoyed at the proposition he was up against.

"Responsible! The idea! Why, I wouldn't trust you

with a nickel. It's an imposition on the public to permit little boys to pose as real brokers."

"Madam, I think you'd better go," said Sid, decidedly disgusted with the caller.

"Go! Is that the way you address a lady?" cried the visitor, angrily. "I shall have to teach you a lesson."

As the angry one raised an umbrella to strike Sid, Sam and Fred interfered.

The former's hand accidentally collided with the alleged lady's hat.

A surprising thing happened.

Off came hat and hair and the visitor stood revealed as a man.

Not only that but Sid and his partners recognized the man as Ralph Ruggles.

"So it's you, is it?" said Sid, surveying the discomfited clerk with a stern look. "Thought you'd play a nice little joke on us. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," replied Ruggles, doggedly, for he realized now that he was discovered, that the joke was rather on him.

"Then I think it's our turn to have something to say. You've come in our office and under the protecting guise of womanly attire, deliberately insulted us. What ought to be done with him, fellows?"

"Make him get down on our knees and beg our pardon," suggested Fred.

"Fire him out into the corridor on his ear," said Sam, starting to roll up his sleeves.

"Tie him across the railing and paddle him," proposed Ed.

"We'll do all three," said Sid. "He's a beastly little sneak, and deserves a good taking down. Down on your marrow bones and beg our pardon, you lobster, or we won't do a thing to you."

"What do you take me for?" replied Ruggles, defiantly.

Sam and the other two seized Ruggles, and despite a desperate resistance on his part forced him upon his knees and held him there.

"Now beg our pardon," said Sid.

Ruggles wouldn't, and swore he'd get square with them.

"Get square with us, will you, you sneak!" cried Sid. "You haven't cause enough yet so we'll have to give it to you."

Sid went to the closet and fetched out a rope.

"Now, chappies; lay him across the railing with his head down."

His three partners did so, though Ruggles kicked and squirmed to prevent them.

While they held him Sid bound him tight.

"Sam, I appoint you executioner No. One," said Sid. "Get that piece of board in the closet and take a whack at Mr. Sneak."

Sam was on the job and he laid it on to Ruggles in a way that brought a roar from the clerk.

"Now it's your turn, Ed."

Ed grabbed the board and raised it in the air.

Whack! and the board brought another howl from Ruggles.

Then Fred took his innings, and there was a third smack that brought tears of pain to the visitor's eyes.

"That will do. Release him," said Sid, "but don't let him go."

They released Ruggles from his undignified position and then held him firmly by the arms.

Sid walked to the door.

"Sam, you're the strongest. Grab him by the collar and the seat of his pants and run him down to the elevator. Got a good hold?"

"Bet your life I have."

"Start, then," and he opened the door.

Sam gave Ruggles a push and made him "walk Spanish" in great shape.

Through the doorway they shot and down the corridor Sam shoved the demoralized clerk in his womanly attire.

Reaching the elevators Sam tripped Ruggles up and the clerk fell with a bang on the marble flooring.

Then Sam walked back to the office.

Ruggles picked himself up and hastened to get out of sight where he could divest himself of his female apparel.

He was furious against the four boy brokers, and swore he would be revenged on them, but his threats amounted to nothing, for he didn't have the nerve to tackle them again after the strenuous lesson he had received.

In their office the four traders held a jubilation meeting over the affair.

"I hope it will prove a lesson to him," said Sid. "Throw that hat and veil into the closet and then come into the private office, I want to talk business."

Five minutes later the four were holding a serious pow-wow in the inner room.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

The early days of summer were now coming on and the four boy speculators took things easy as they could well afford to do with the big bunch of money they had stowed away in Sid's safe deposit box.

In the latter part of June Mrs. Arlington and her daughter went to their seaside cottage for the season and Sid received an invitation to visit them on Saturday afternoons and stay over till Monday morning.

Every other Saturday he went there and enjoyed himself greatly with Miss Arlington.

He and Grace were now very warm friends indeed, and couldn't see too much of each other.

At length summer passed away and Wall Street resumed its wonted aspect.

Now that the Arlingtons were back Sid visited Grace every Wednesday evening regularly.

Occasionally she visited him at the office, and his three partners thought her a perfect peach.

It was along about the middle of October that Sid called on the young lady for the second time that week in response to a note he had received from her.

"Last evening there were several gentlemen here to see my father," she said in explaining why she had asked him to call. "Father was out when they came and they waited for him in his library. Quite by accident I overheard what passed between them. They were talking about some syndicate in which they were interested, and I heard them say that everything was ready to corner a stock which they

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called M. & O., and they were going to begin at once to buy the shares on the quiet. When they had secured all they could find they intended to boom the stock and make a large amount of money. They expected it would go up at least fifteen points, and maybe twenty. Thinking this information would be of use to you I sent for you to tell you, and now you know why I invited you here to-night."

Next morning Sid told his partners that he had got hold of another fine tip, and told them what Miss Arlington had said about a corner in M. & O.

Sam and Fred agreed that the new tip had all the earmarks of a winner, and so Sid decided he would push the thing along.

M. & O. was going at 72, which was unusually low for it.

Sid went to a big brokerage house near the Exchange and placed an order for 10,000 shares of the stock.

On the following day he received word that it had been bought at 72.

He waited a few days and then put in another order for 5,000 more shares which cost the firm 74.

As the stock continued to go up slowly he bought another 5,000 shares at 76.

The boys now had \$200,000 invested, and they sat back and watched for developments.

Sid soon found out that his old boss, Mr. Higgins, was buying for the syndicate.

He was also interested in the corner himself.

On his next visit to Grace, Sid discovered that the presence of the brokers that night in her house was to get her father to go in with them and help do the buying.

As Mr. Arlington was rather afraid of blind pools he declined, and consequently he did not learn the name of the stock to be cornered.

He found it out from his daughter, however, and he took advantage of the information to go in himself in the same way as Sid and his partners.

Sid learned through Grace that her father had bought 10,000 shares.

He told his partners.

"With 30,000 shares out against them at least the syndicate is liable to be up against trouble as soon as the boom is well under way," said Sid in the office on the morning after he last called on Miss Arlington.

"If they were suddenly thrown on the market it might burst up the boomers," remarked Sam.

"If Higgins busted up we could offer Ruggles the position of messenger and office boy here," laughed Ed.

"That would break his heart," said Fred. "I'll bet he hasn't got over that laying out we gave him."

"He swore he'd get back at us, but it's some months now since the affair happened and he hasn't made a move to do it," said Sid.

"Ho! He hasn't got the spunk of a mouse," said Ed.

"Well, never mind him. Take a look at the ticker and see how M. & O. is going this morning."

"It opened at 78," said Ed, after a glance at the tape.

"That puts us \$90,000 ahead already," said Sid.

"Say, we're making money so fast it makes my head swim," said Sam.

The boys hung around the ticker all day, talking and watching the quotations.

M. & O. advanced slowly, but it got up to 80 by the time the Exchange closed, and the boys went home feeling they had made \$40,000 that day.

By this time the stock had begun to attract attention in the board room, and many brokers were hustling around trying to get some of it.

The newspapers spoke about the probability of a boom in it, and that started the lambs down town on a tour of investigation.

Next day the activity in the stock caused it to go up two points more.

Outsiders began to take a hand in the game, which was what the members of the syndicate were looking for, as they expected to make the larger part of their profit out of the general public.

The brokers always welcome the public, because no matter whether their customers win or lose they are sure of their commissions and interest charges.

The boy firm, by the way, were up against a pretty stiff interest charge, for the 20,000 shares of M. & O. represented a purchase price of a million and a quarter dollars.

Deducting the \$200,000 they had put up as security, they were charged with the interest on a little over a million.

"They didn't mind that, however, with the price advancing steadily, every point representing a profit of \$20,000.

Ten days after they got in on the deal M. & O. was going at 85, and the bulls were carrying things with a high hand at the Exchange.

Then the head broker of the syndicate appeared on the floor and began to bid the stock up at a rate that put the Exchange in a whirlwind of excitement.

It went to 90 in a jiffy and then rapidly mounted toward par.

Sid went over to the Exchange gallery and watched things from that point.

The bears had been lying back on their oars and apparently not in it.

A big bear pool, however, had been quietly forming, and it suddenly attacked M. & O. by selling short in huge blocks.

The syndicate began to waver a little, for the members knew that they had failed to establish a corner, and they could not tell how much of the stock they would have to take in and pay for.

When Sid saw how things were going he decided to sell in a hurry, and rushing around to the broker who had bought the stock for the boy firm, ordered the shares sold at once.

Just as the broker received the order on the floor Mr. Arlington offered his 10,000 shares to the syndicate.

The pool's representative took it in at 98.

The boys' broker now rushed up and offered 5,000 shares at 98.

It was accepted.

Then he offered another 5,000.

That was taken in, but the syndicate was now staggering under the load of its accumulations.

Out came the last bunch, 10,000 shares, of the boys' holdings.

That was the last straw and the syndicate couldn't take it.

The broker threw it on the market, and broke the price.

The bulls made frantic efforts to sustain the market, but despite their best efforts stocks began falling, M. & O. leading in the van.

A big panic set in, during which the broker managed to get rid of the shares belonging to the boy firm at an average price of 95.

Hundreds of speculators and many traders lost money that afternoon, but after the smoke of battle had cleared away Sidney Sands & Co. found they had made a clear profit over all expenses of \$450,000 raising their capital almost to \$700,000.

In a few days the news leaked out that the four boy brokers in the Norcross Building had broken the market and busted up the syndicate which had tried to corner M. & O. and failed to do it.

The news created a sensation, and could hardly be credited.

The breaking of the syndicate ruined Broker Higgins, and he had to go out of business, consequently that threw Ralph Ruggles out of a job.

Reporters, after investigating the matter, learned that the boy firm had indeed made things hum in Wall Street, and there was a great deal printed about them in the papers.

This gave them a big reputation, and brought customers to them, so that they had to hire an experienced head bookkeeper, a couple of clerks and a stenographer to handle their growing business.

They were the talk of Wall Street for some time after that.

Mr. Arlington acted as their representative at the Exchange, for Sid was only nineteen and not old enough by two years to be eligible to membership.

Soon after that great event Sid became engaged to Grace Arlington, her parents regarding him as a mighty fine catch.

To this day many brokers recall the wonderful success of the boy brokerage firm, and how it gave them their real start in the business.

Sid, Sam, Ed and Fred are still in partnership under the original firm name, and though married and settled down are still regarded as four of a kind, and the combination that made Wall Street hum.

THE END.

Read "BOB BRANDON, CONTRACTOR; OR, THE TREASURE THAT LED TO FAME," which will be the next number (215) of "Fame and Fortune Weekly."

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GOOD STORIES.

Every industrial country in the world save one has now a proviso in its patent laws that a patent may be revoked if not worked in the country granting it. The one exception is the United States of America.

Rabbits are not fond of water, yet they can swim under compulsion. They look very odd when swimming. They keep their heads and tails above the water, while the fore part of their bodies is deeply submerged.

Three highwaymen in Chicago held up a pedestrian at the point of a pistol, and found in his pockets just forty-six cents. Judge Kersten sentenced the three to life imprisonment. This severe sentence is legal according to a law passed two years ago, declaring that when a pistol is displayed to enforce the demand of a highwayman, life imprisonment is the penalty.

The taxicab is pushing the horse out of business, and the wireless telegraph is crowding out the carrier pigeon. As each of the important warships of France has now wireless apparatus, there is no longer any use for the pigeons. The French Minister of Marine has intimated that after next New Year's Day the maritime dovecote at Rochefort will not be maintained.

Martena Kramers, of Rotterdam, has a wonderful command of language, and ranks among the first of women linguists. She can read and speak thirteen languages, and there are few men in the world who can equal that record. Besides, she has sufficient knowledge of seven other languages to converse in them, and she has planned to add a new language to her list every six months for several years.

In the island of Minora, one of the Philippines, the humming-birds are pugnacious little creatures. An American hunting party had a novel experience with them. One of the hunters wandered off from his comrades, but soon his screams were heard. Thousands of the humming-birds had attacked him, and wounded him in hundreds of spots on his face and neck. When rescued he was streaming with blood.

In connection with the excavations of the great Roman camp at Caersus, Montgomeryshire, Wales, Professor Bosanquet, who is in charge of the exploring party, has succeeded in opening up the western portion of the camp, unearthing a complete hot air system situated beneath the floors of the rooms. The floors were supported on a number of stone pil-

lars two feet square and two feet high. Flues were laid beneath to carry the hot air from the furnace, and these have been found in an excellent state of preservation. Outside the huge rampart of clay the workmen have come across trenches which surrounded the camp. The granary has been opened up for its whole length and measures 93½ feet. This building was strongly built and was roofed with slabs of stone.

A new process of keeping eggs consists in placing them first in compressed carbon dioxide, which almost completely sterilizes them, and then in a mixture of carbon dioxide and an inert gas (nitrogen and hydrogen) at a temperature near the freezing point. In these conditions the micro-organisms which have not been destroyed cannot develop. The addition of the inert gas is necessary in order to prevent the liquefaction of the albumen, which would certainly occur in an atmosphere of pure carbon dioxide. Eggs thus treated can be kept ten months without losing any of their qualities. The treatment costs about 38 cents per thousand eggs, while cold storage costs 13 cents per thousand per month; hence if the eggs are kept nine or ten months, the former process will be much cheaper than the other.

JOKES AND JESTS.

First Actor—What kind of a part has Ragedy in the new play? Second Actor—It is an emotional role for him. In one act he has to refuse to drink.

"Isn't there a great deal of water in the cellar?" asked the prospective tenant. "Yes," answered the agent, proudly. "We really ought to call it a natatorium and charge extra rent for it."

Visitor—Why are you naughty so much of the time? Bobby—Mamma gives me a nickel every time I promise to be good. And she never wants me to promise to be good unless I'm naughty.

Mrs. Galey (timidly)—George, what did you do with the dressmaker's bill I handed you a week ago? Galey (warmly)—Vetoed it! It's got to undergo a substantial downward revision before it passes me!

"I'm thinking seriously, Joey," said Mrs. Henpeck, during a repentant moment resulting from a slight cold, "of getting made a phonograph record of my voice—something for you to remember me by when I'm gone, you know." "It isn't at all necessary, my dear," declared Mr. Henpeck; "that's one thing about you I could never forget!"

"What shall we do with the boy?" they asked the woman. "Let him finish high school and then go to college, or put him in business now?" "I'd let him go to college," she said, "but make them give him a course in janitoring while he's there. We've just got rid of a Harvard graduate because he was no earthly good as a janitor. He couldn't run the steam heat, or the hot water boiler or anything."

A Problem.—The traveler met an old colored man with a balky mule. "What's the matter with him, uncle?" asked the traveler. "Full of pure cussedness, sah. He'll stay right in the same position for two or three houahs, sah." "That so? Why don't you build a fire under him?" "What? A fire under dat mule! Lands, mister, if Ah built a fire under dat mule he'd stay here all day en wahn hisself."

JOHN W. MARSH & CO.

By Paul Braddon.

A curious case of counterfeiting will soon be brought before the United States courts in New York, the particulars of which are given in the following sketch, which is, in reality, a resume of the experiences of a United States Treasury detective, taken from his notebook, which will before long become public in an official form.

The writer hasn't permission to give the exact localities just now, but that does not matter so much, since the whole business will be before the world before the remembrance of the story will become cold or lost in the various other sensations of the day.

Nearly a year ago an old mill situated upon the borders of Connecticut, upon one of the many tributaries of the "New England Mississippi," and which had stood idle for five or six years preceding, was hired by some parties, and the story soon got afloat in the little village that the old-time prosperity was again to return to them.

It was some time before the villagers could find out what sort of business was to be carried on in the old mill; but the firm of John W. Marsh & Co. let it be understood that a patented article was to be manufactured there, and that no admission to the mill after it was got into working order would be allowed under any circumstances, which, of course, excited much comment and speculation as to what that patented article was.

Some said it was one thing and some another; but those speculating villagers who read this sketch will learn for the first time what that patented article was.

Quite a large amount of curious-looking machinery was shipped from New York, and a large force of men was employed in setting it up and repairing the water-wheel that had gone somewhat to the bad on account of remaining idle so long.

But finally everything was got into working order and business began.

A sign, painted in large letters, warned all those not connected with the establishment that they would not be allowed inside on any consideration, and so the wonder in the village grew.

But whatever it was that was manufactured there, there was evidently a good sale for it, for large shipments were made nearly every day in boxes, marked "John W. Marsh & Co., No. — Canal Street, New York."

And what might have been (and what *proved* afterward to be) the same boxes came to the factory at short intervals, the old address planed off, and "John W. Marsh & Co.," to such a station, put on in its place.

This made business look lively, although the village people derived very little benefit from it, save in the matter of a few dollars which the dozen or so workmen paid for board.

And their mouths were shut provokingly close, for not a particle of information would they give regarding the business of the concern, further than what had been given at first, that there was a patented article manufactured there, the secret of which it was very essential should be kept from all foreign eyes. But this, of course, did not in the least satisfy them.

Indeed, the villagers voted them a queer lot, these workmen, anyhow. They seemed very little like ordinary workmen, or even skilled mechanics. They were smart, educated

men, so far as they could see, but altogether different from the class of men who might be expected to work much with their hands.

But still the waters ran, the old mill wheel turned, and the machinery rattled and thundered every day, and laborers and teamsters were busy all the while shipping goods and receiving material.

Finally the people living around came to the conclusion that it was none of their business, and gave the place the name of the Queer Mill, but without knowing how nearly they hit the nail on the head.

The head of the firm of John W. Marsh & Co. was a man about sixty years of age, tall and rather fine-looking. But after the factory had got to working he was seen there only at intervals, and even then had little or nothing to say to anybody outside of the workmen in the factory. In fact, it came to be said that he was as queer and as unapproachable as his factory was.

Some three months after his factory got to working the Southern and Western States began to be flooded with counterfeit Government bills, but of such rare workmanship in every respect as to deceive experts almost. Indeed, thousands of them went through the banks without arousing suspicion.

The Government Secret Service detectives were at once set to work to trace out the source of the spurious currency, and went to various parts of the South and West, expecting to find that a gang of counterfeiters were located somewhere about the lines of the Mississippi Valley.

But after weeks of investigation they seemed no nearer to the fountain-head of the mischief than ever, although they arrested several "shovers," who refused to squeal, but which did not stop the illegal issue and circulation.

Then the counterfeiters suddenly appeared in the Eastern States and created much trouble and anxiety, at which one of the detectives came North and began hunting up the source of the trouble.

Never before had so successful and long-continued mischief existed in the currency of the United States, and the Treasury Department was very much exercised on account of it.

But this Detective Drummond was no amateur at the business he had set himself about. He thought he knew every counterfeiter and nearly all of the shovers in the country, but this wholesale business puzzled him for a while.

He located every "stamper" in New York, and soon found that the most they had to do with it, if anything at all, was shoving the stuff. Not one of the experts seemed to be engaged in it, but still it continued to come.

Finally he disguised himself one day, and followed a shover for two or three hours. He was evidently out of the queer, and wanted to get loaded up again, and yet was exceedingly cautious.

He traced him to a house on Canal Street, into which he disappeared, and Drummond quietly walked along to pipe off.

Just then a dray drove up with several boxes marked to "James W. Marsh & Co.," and he concluded to know all about them, as there appeared to be something strange about the place, although the drayman, when spoken to on the subject, said he believed the firm dealt in some sort of felt goods.

Drummond watched the shover, and saw him come out and go away. He also saw that the firm was doing a large business by mail. Following the shover, he caught him in the act of passing a counterfeit ten dollar bill on one of the city banks, and at once arrested him.

But do what he might he could not make the fellow squeal in any respect, and it was evident that he, as well as the others he had arrested for shoving the queer, had a good backing somewhere, and did not fear the result of arrest.

He watched the place closely, and one day ventured in, disguised as a country merchant.

"I want to find S. W. Low & Co.," said he, as though lost in his search. "Are they in this building?"

"No, sir, I think not," said the head of the house of John W. Marsh & Co., quietly.

"I'm a country merchant, and—well, what is your line of business?" he asked, looking around.

"Felt goods, used in the manufacture of skirts," he replied, busy writing, but not as though anxious to sell the stranger at all.

"Oh!" said Drummond, and after gawking around a moment, he went downstairs, where he saw a porter assisting a carman in loading some boxes marked to John W. Marsh & Co., at the village in which the mill was located.

"That seems all straight enough, only I have seen that man somewhere," he mused, thinking of the head of the house. "Where is it that I have seen him—and is he crooked? He is older than any crook that I know who is a stamper. But I may as well find out about this thing first as last," he added, and in two hours from that time, still disguised, he arrived at the village.

Nothing could be found out from the villagers that has not already been spoken of, but the idea of there being any patent or any secrecy attending the manufacture of felt was preposterous, and he resolved to see the inside of that mill.

He telegraphed for six good Government detectives in New York. He waited around the village tavern two days and arranged his men so that they would be ready at a moment's notice. One night when the workmen came out he watched their dress, and one of them he knew very well, an old stamper.

He watched them closely, and found that they had been paid off that night, and that without doubt the man who had been driven to the mill that afternoon was the head of the firm, and the man he had seen on Canal Street.

This was the night he had set to work his way into that mill by fair means or foul, and after everything was quiet Drummond and his men went by different routes and met at the mill.

It was a warm night, and the watchman was smoking outside the old mill door; and it must be understood that everybody connected with the mill in any capacity was a crook.

Coming suddenly upon him, Drummond seized him by the throat, and his men coming promptly to his assistance, the fellow was handcuffed and gagged before he recovered from his surprise.

Then with the watchman's lantern he went through the mill and soon learned enough to fully convince him that it was an extensive printing establishment, and the most complete manufactory of counterfeit money that he had ever seen outside of the Treasury at Washington.

The whole night was spent in going over the place; and leaving his men there to arrest the workmen when they came in the morning, Drummond hired a carriage and drove back to New York in search of the head of the concern, who had somehow eluded him.

He waited until time for the store to open, and then taking an officer with him, made up precisely like the porter for the place, he arrested him, leaving the officer at the foot of the stairs in the fellow's place, while he marched him away to the station house and had him locked up.

Then returning, he learned that the man he was after had gone up to his office half an hour before; he proceeded to go upstairs himself, but now without disguise. He knew now whom he was going to arrest—a notorious New Orleans counterfeiter who had given the Government much trouble at various times, but who had somehow escaped arrest. And he had

organized this band, established this mill, and flooded the country with millions of spurious bills.

It was early yet, and all was quiet. The detective had noticed on his first visit that the place was elegantly fitted up, so far as the offices were concerned outside of what appeared to be the main salesroom, and also that the head of the house attended to all the sales himself, the porter being the only other person about the place, and a sort of outer guard who could communicate with him by means of a signal bell.

The outer guard being removed, and in the entire absence of any signal, Drummond had no trouble in reaching the "salesroom." There was no one there; it was too early for business to commence, but the head of the "house" was there in his private and luxuriously fitted up office, counting over his ill-gotten gains in good money, while the center-table was covered with thousands of dollars in spurious bills.

Cautiously approaching the door leading into this private room, Drummond listened, and then peering around the edge of the lintel, caught sight of the whole business.

He heard the old man speaking to himself, and listened. He stood with his hands on the table, and seemed very exultant.

"Yes, this settles the business," he heard him say. "I have succeeded in making the million I set out to make, and now I will away to Europe and leave the whole thing to Jerry. The authorities are on the scent, and——"

"You are right, Tom Bowlan; they *are* on the scent," said Drummond, marching into the room with a cocked revolver in his hand.

"Drummond!" gasped the old man, starting back with astonishment.

"Yes, Drummond."

"What do you want?"

"You, the head of the firm of 'John W. Marsh & Co.,' otherwise known as Tom Bowlan."

"It is false!" he cried.

"It is true, Tom. The game is up, but I caught you just in time. I have been out to your 'felt mill,' where you manufactured a patented article, and your plates are all in our possession, and your skilled workmen as well."

"Great God!" he exclaimed.

"Don't call on strangers, Tom, but hold out your hands for the ruffles that have been awaiting you these many years," said he, producing a pair of handcuffs.

"Bill!" he called to the porter, for he had an idea that they could overpower the detective.

"Bill is here," said Drummond, as the officer came in and quickly removed his disguise.

"Lost!" exclaimed the King of Queer, as he sank back into his chair.

"Yes, and this is the last of the house of 'John W. Marsh & Co.,' the *felt* manufacturers," said Drummond, laughing.

"Northwestern Canada still is full of big game," said Louis Raymond, of Montreal. "In Alberta and other provinces the woods are full of moose and timber wolves. I have seen moose killed in that country that were as large as a big horse, with a spread of horns more than seven feet. A wounded moose can travel all day at a breakneck pace, and when cornered will fearlessly charge the hunter. Hunting the big gray timber wolves is tamer sport, but requires more strategy and endurance on the part of the hunter. These animals grow as large as a mastiff and are of incredible fleetness of foot. It is impossible for a horse or a dog to run one down, and the biggest dog has no chance in a fight with one. Deer are plentiful in that country, but are little bothered by hunting parties except when the latter desire fresh meat."

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| " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos..... | |

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....